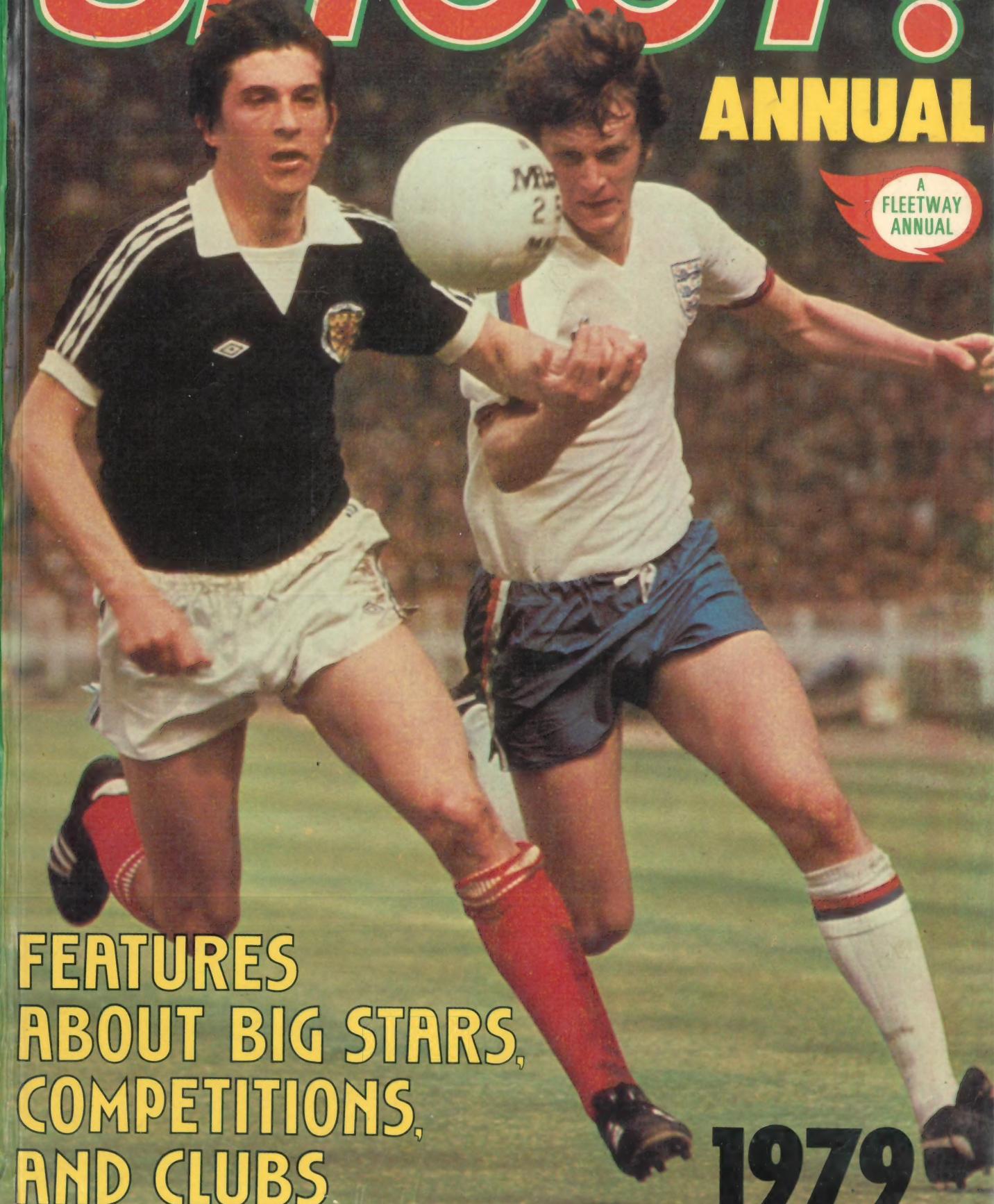


SHOOT!

ANNUAL

A
FLEETWAY
ANNUAL



**FEATURES
ABOUT BIG STARS,
COMPETITIONS,
AND CLUBS**

1979

CONTENTS

'I Never Lost Faith in My Ability'—Gordon Hill	4
'I Did Not Think I Could Ever Play For Scotland'—Bruce Rioch.....	8
Brothers in Different Worlds—Graeme Payne (Dundee United) and Kenny Payne (Forfar)...	9
How Has the Number Five's Role Changed?	
Crosstalk between Geoff Nulty (Newcastle) and Brian Labone (formerly Everton)	12
Nobby.....	13
Tartan Talk from Danny McGrain (Celtic).....	16
The Trophy a Home Nation Has Yet to Win—Focus on Past European Championships.....	17
Go For the Double (crossword).....	21
Great Defenders—and Goalscorers, too! (photo spread).....	22
Four Players on 'The Most Impressive Performances I've Ever Seen'.....	24
Spot the Difference (puzzle)	28
Magical Kings of Europe—Liverpool v Borussia (1977 European Cup Final)	30
'Transferred—But I Thought I'd Been Dropped'—Andy Gray.....	33
Doug Somner Thrives on the Big-Time.....	37
'Ton-Up Teams'—They've Scored a Century of Goals in a Season	40
News Desk	44
£20,000 When Paul Mariner Played for England	48
'The Emperor'—Franz Beckenbauer.....	49
The Tottenham Hotspur Story	53
1982—Looks Like Being Scotland's Greatest Year.....	56
'Bosses Who Have Influenced Me'—John Greig (Rangers).....	59
Colin Bell—Manchester City's 'Saviour'	60
Soccer Then—Soccer Now!	61
When Everton's George Wood Almost Quit Football.....	64
'Anfield—Awe-Inspiring!' —Ray Clemence.....	65
Cup Final Funnies (cartoons).....	72
Story of a Star—Peter Shilton (Nottm. Forest)	76
When Billy Stark Stunned Celtic	80
'Britain's Best'—Scotland v Wales	81
Meet the Expert.....	84
Turned Down Spurs and Man. City—Jim Calderwood (Birmingham).....	86
It's a Record (1).....	87
Never Mind the Weather, the Game Goes On (photo spread).....	88
It's a Record (2).....	90
Terry Cooper (Boro) Hasn't Finished Winning Things Yet	91
'Playing for England—an Honour, and Frightening'—Malcolm Macdonald (Arsenal).	92
The Wolves Story	94
When Graeme Souness (Liverpool) Walked Out	97
Do You Want All-The-Year-Round Soccer?...	98
Hot-Shot Lorimer Out of the Firing Line	101
Spain 1982—The World Cup of All Time.....	102
World-Wide	103
It's a Crazy Life (photo spread).....	104
'Mr. Dependable'—Motherwell's Joe Wark.....	106
'We're a Happy Club at "The Bridge"'—Ray Wilkins.....	107
A.B.C. of World Soccer.....	110
The Player Every Side Needs: Man. City's Tommy Booth.....	113
Transfer Funnies.....	116
Quiz-Time	120
Summer Soccer Camp—Down California Way (photo feature).....	124

SHOOT



ANNUAL 1979



Action all the way from Trevor Francis of Birmingham City and Manchester United's Stuart Pearson. There's plenty more action coming up for you, starting overleaf.

'I NEVER LOST

IT'S A great life for a professional footballer with one of our leading clubs. The rewards can be enormous, even allowing for Britain's crippling tax laws.

It's a great life, but a short one. Few players can expect to enjoy more than ten years at the very top.

Soccer today is a young man's game. Players over the age of 30 are regarded as "veterans", on their way out.

Obviously, that's not true in all cases because "old hands" have a vital part to play in the game.

All successful teams have a blend of youth and experience. Players such as Jimmy Greenhoff, Peter Bonetti, Dave Webb, George Armstrong, Billy Bremner, Archie Gemmill and Paddy Mulligan have proved priceless to their clubs.

Some of these stars will become managers or coaches when they retire. Regular readers of my weekly column in SHOOT magazine will know that I have no ambitions in that direction.

Apart from perhaps turning out for a local non-League side. I'll quit the professional game altogether when I retire as a player.

Like all sensible pros, I've been building for the future. Ever since I joined Manchester United in November, 1975, I've planned for the years ahead.

I don't gamble, or mix with the high-living, bright lights set. I'm no miser, but no big-spender, either.

Thanks to the advice of my father-in-law, who is a successful businessman in my home county of Surrey, I save as much as I can, invest for the day I finally decide to quit the game I love so much.

I don't want to face the prospect of moving to a smaller house, buying a smaller car or watching the pennies.

At the moment, my wife Jackie, little daughter Kerry-Elaine and I enjoy life to the full, in our lovely detached house in a select part of Cheshire.

When we moved in we were able to have it decorated exactly how we wanted by the professionals.

My days of do-it-yourself have long gone, ever since some summer painting almost wrecked my career.

I was just making my name at Millwall when Jackie and I married and bought a nice semi-detached house in Lightwater, Surrey.

I received a fair wage from the club, but not enough to have the experts in to make the necessary alterations.

So I set to myself, with paste pot and paint brush.

I was fully employed the whole summer and quite pleased with my efforts when I reported back to The Den for pre-season training.

For several weeks I felt sluggish. Even when the season kicked-off I was slow and jaded.

Things went from bad to worse. I wondered if my days as a first team player were numbered.

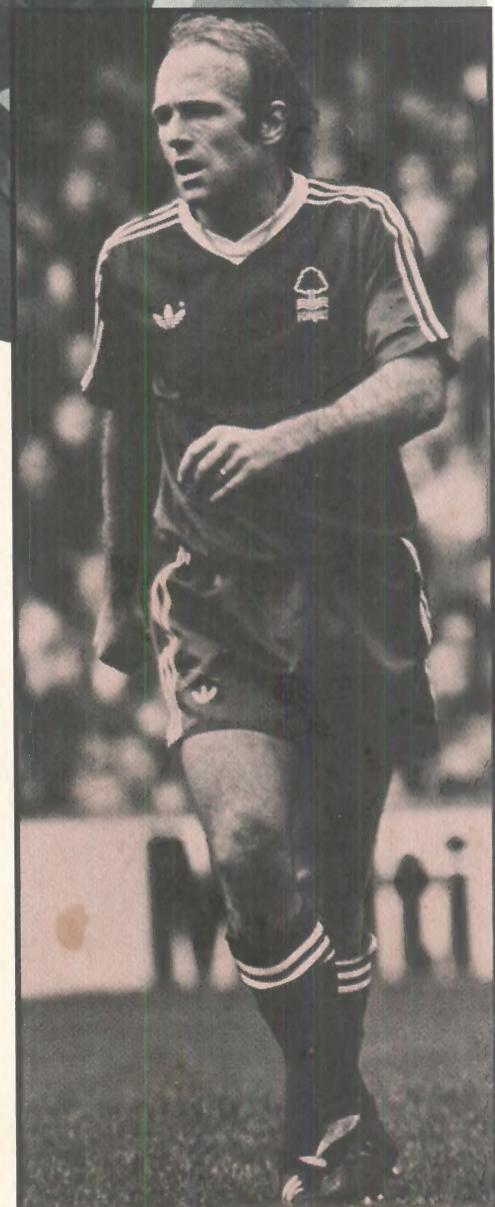
Just when I felt that my then-manager Benny Fenton was thinking of dropping me, I began to put my game together and found form. It was then that my



my soccer scene
GORDON HILL

ABOVE: Gordon and his lovely wife Jackie enjoy life to the full bringing up daughter Kerry-Elaine in their Cheshire home.

RIGHT: Archie Gemmill's experience and skill have proved invaluable to Derby County, Nottingham Forest and Scotland.



FAITH IN MY ABILITY'

father, who had been a paint-sprayer before having to give it up, put me wise.

He said the lead fumes from the paint were responsible for my lethargy. So, now there's no way you'll ever get me near a paint tin, or brush.

A few weeks after settling into our new home in Cheshire it sparkled and shone. The carpets had been laid, and the furniture had arrived. We were able to afford the best money could buy.

In the garage were two cars, a Mercedes for me... a Ford Capri for Jackie.

I make no apologies for driving such an expensive make. It didn't come easily, nor was it supplied free of charge. I saved hard for the car of my dreams.

So the Gordon Hill family enjoys life to the full, but we don't live beyond our means.

Playing for a glamorous First Division club means I get paid well, very well. They are not the sole source of my earnings, however.

I'm often called upon to open supermarkets or shops, endorse sports goods such as soccer boots and balls. And of course, there's my column in SHOOT.

The rewards for a top professional are vast, especially if you are playing for one of the most popular clubs in the land.

Joining a big club and then going on to win England honours is something most kids dream about. I was the same as a lad in Sunbury-on-Thames.

But for me it was different... I just knew that "impossible" dream was going to come true.

I never lost faith in my own ability, even when Southend United rejected me.

As you know, I was finally offered terms by Millwall and played over 80 matches and scored 20 League goals for them before transferring to United in November, 1975.

Comparing life with The Lions to that with a First Division club is like asking me to describe the differences between the Sahara Desert and the Antarctic. They are two vastly different worlds.

Everything is first class at the top club. Marvellous facilities for players—and fans. We stay at five star hotels and travel the world on tours or for European Cup-ties.

Players are treated like film stars. We are continually in the limelight. Big businessmen want our services for advertising. TV cameras seem to follow our every move. Our names are always in the news.

The fan mail is delivered in sacks. It's an almost-unreal existence.

Despite all the success I've had since my move to United, I've managed to keep my feet firmly on the ground.

I realise circumstances can change overnight. I could suddenly find myself





out of favour. Or a bad injury could mean a premature retirement.

These thoughts are always with me, but I don't let them worry me. I take things as they come.

If I suddenly found myself back in the Second Division I'm sure Jackie and I would adapt.

When I was with Millwall, I received a fair wage and had a pretty good standard of living.

I know we were both tremendously happy in our little house in Lightwater.

Sometimes I think I would welcome those days back, when there was less pressure on me to do well, and when I wasn't away from home so much.

In the First Division, especially if you are international, you are expected to be brilliant every week. One below-par performance and you can find yourself out.

Certainly the rewards are greater for those players at the top, but then so are the heartaches and headaches.

It's like playing in a pressure-cooker all the time. You never feel secure. You know you are continually fighting for your place, especially if your club has the resources to buy replacements.

And the more successful you are, the more demands are made. Players get precious little time enough with their families, but internationals and those players with clubs continually involved in European competitions are granted even less.

I'm lucky in having an understanding wife in Jackie. She accepts I must be away for long stretches, although I know she hates not having me around.

While players are away for days on end, our wives are left alone to fend for themselves. . .and cope with all the problems managing a house and family can bring.

Illness, trouble in the house, or breakdowns with the car. . .soccer

Gordon relaxes in his luxurious home in Cheshire. Centre, right: answering some fan mail with a little help from daughter Kerry-Elaine. Right: In action for United, looking every inch the successful footballer he is.



wives have to deal with them all.

I treasure my family and I'm grateful for the skills God has given me.

While I aim for personal success and all the honours the game can provide the most important thing football has given me is the opportunity to entertain and make people happy.

Cheers for now... and don't forget to join me in SHOOT. Okay? Great.

Frank H. D.



Bruce Rioch is a born leader-type. His appearance is that of a successful young businessman, well-dressed at all times, clean-shaven and upright in stance and stride.

Rioch is a strong, determined midfield player with a first-rate goal-scoring record, a powerful and accurate left foot and a hard edge which, as he admits, occasionally leads to brief flirtations with controversy.

Rioch was born in Aldershot, the third of four sons of Regimental Sergeant Major James Mackie Rioch of the Royal Scots Guards. But Rioch strongly refutes the theory that he is an Englishman captaining Scotland.

"That's old hat now," says Rioch. "I did think of a career as an England player. But only because dual nationality through parents was not then recognised by the international authorities. I did not think I could ever play for Scotland.

"But once asked, I had no doubts where my roots lay. I am Scottish to the marrow. All the same, my father was stationed in Germany for a while. If I'd been born out there would that make me a German? Of course not."

But apart from an impressive record as a professional footballer, little is known about the man who led Britain's only representatives in the 1978 World Cup Finals.

Rioch's upbringing centred around strict discipline, neatness and a solid routine which demanded punctuality and a directness of speech and nature.

Says Rioch: "My father's career with the Guards could not be left outside the door when he came home. So we all grew up to respect the military way of life. I still do. It gave me a tremendous foundation as a youngster.

"I do not smoke, drink only occasionally, and go to bed at 10.30 p.m. every night. Even Christmas and New Year parties fail to alter my routine. In the past I've crept upstairs after saying my goodnights and gone to bed with the party music pounding away downstairs.

"When I signed for Everton I quickly realised that my family did not enjoy living away from the Midlands. Nothing is more important to me than their happiness, so I moved back to Derby. No reflection on Everton, a great club, but you cannot buy happiness."

Rioch's career is a mixture of ecstasy and despair. He has cost over £600,000 in transfer fees yet never once asked for a move. Injuries led to a painful, frustrating series of cartilage operations which would have ended the career of a lesser man.

But Rioch overcame disappointments and cherishes the memories

'I did not think I could ever play for Scotland' SAYS BRUCE RIOCH



"Believe me, I am not anti-social by any means. I enjoy good company, love a laugh with the lads and look forward to every game. But I must have my routine. Just as I must adhere to my superstitions."

Superstition is one of the contradictions within Rioch's character. He must touch as much wood as possible in a dressing room before a game and even carried a horseshoe around with him during his early career.

"It fell from my peg one day and bounced off my head. Nothing very lucky about that, so the horseshoe got the bullet."

Family life tops Rioch's list of priorities. He met his wife Jane at school where they both enjoyed athletics. They began training together when they were 14. Six years later they married and now have two bright young sons, Bruce and Gregor.

of his countless games and goals for Luton, Aston Villa, Derby and Everton.

He made his League debut for Luton at 16 in 1963 and scored 47 League goals in 147 games before joining Villa in a £100,000 deal in July 1969. At Luton he won a Fourth Division Championship medal.

With Villa, Rioch's dream of First Division football turned sour. They were relegated to the Third Division. But he helped them to that title in 1972, twelve months after playing against Spurs in Villa's unsuccessful League Cup Final when they lost 2-0.

At Villa, Rioch scored 34 League goals in 149 games before joining Derby for £170,000 in February 1974. There he won a First Division Championship medal in 1975 and scored 34 League goals in 106 games.

His stay with Everton was brief and uneventful. He was signed for £180,000 in December 1976, scored three goals in 28 games, and returned to Derby for 150,000 in November 1977.

"I won my first Scottish cap against Portugal at Hampden on May 13, 1975. We won 1-0 and I was determined to hold my place.

"My highlight came when I was made captain for the game against Wales a 0-0 draw on May 28th, 1977. But nobody only a Scotland captain can explain how it feels to be Scotland captain. That may sound a bit Irish, but I can only use words such as pride, glory and honour."

DUNDEE UNITED's exciting midfield Graeme Payne looks certain to become one of Scotland's international mainstays in the future. Manager Ally MacLeod rates him as one of the best youngsters in the game and hardly a week passes without a rumour of some big money English club ready to step in and make a bid for his talented services.

Graeme is heading for the top. He is involved in the Premier League and firmly

in the public spotlight every week as he weaves his magic among the elite.

There is however another soccer-playing Payne North of the Border. He is Graeme's brother Kenny, who plays with little Forfar. It's a different world from the one in which his younger brother plays. What do Graeme and Kenny think about their contrasting fortunes? They give their views here . . .

Brothers in different worlds



Graeme Payne— Dundee United, Premier Division

GRAEME: Hello, brother, I've got a question for you.

KENNY: Okay, Graeme, go ahead and shoot.

GRAEME: Why is a guy with your talent not playing in the Premier League?

KENNY: That's just like you to start with a tough one! It would be nice, of course, to be involved in the Top Ten where the big atmosphere must help a player to raise his game, and it must be every ambitious person's aim to get into the top League. I can't really answer your question, though. Only a manager of a Premier side could do that. If someone thought I was good enough they would make a bid for me wouldn't they?

GRAEME: I suppose so, but sometimes when you are out of the spotlight you can really suffer from underexposure.

KENNY: There's no way I am going to argue with that. Remember last season when we reached the League Cup Semi-Finals? That was marvellous. We got some great publicity and it made us feel important. People were stopping us in the street and talking about football. Great!

GRAEME: And it could have been a lot greater couldn't it?

KENNY: You can say that again, brother. We met Rangers at Hampden and were leading 2-1 with only seven minutes to go. It was a heavy pitch that night and it was beginning to take its toll on our stamina. We were really tired, but I thought we might just hold out. Then Rangers equalised, the game went into extra-time and we eventually lost 5-2.

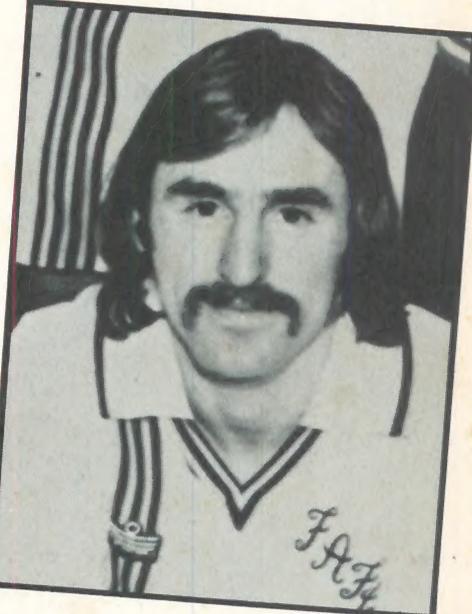
GRAEME: What a pity. That Forfar team would have gone down in history if you had made it to the Final. Anyway, how did you like the touch of the big-time?

KENNY: It was just brilliant. It took me back to the days when I was playing in the old First Division against the likes of Celtic and Rangers every season. I was with Arbroath then, of course, but unfortunately things didn't work out and I moved to Forfar. And what about yourself? How do you enjoy playing in the Premier League?

GRAEME: I won't surprise you when I tell you it is very, very competitive. People say the English First Division and the West German Bundesliga are the toughest, but the Premier is a pretty difficult proposition, too.

KENNY: What is it like playing the same side four times in a season?

GRAEME: I don't really fancy it to be honest. I think the fans can get a bit fed up seeing the same old teams meeting so many times. Look at the Old Firm, for instance. Their gates have dropped



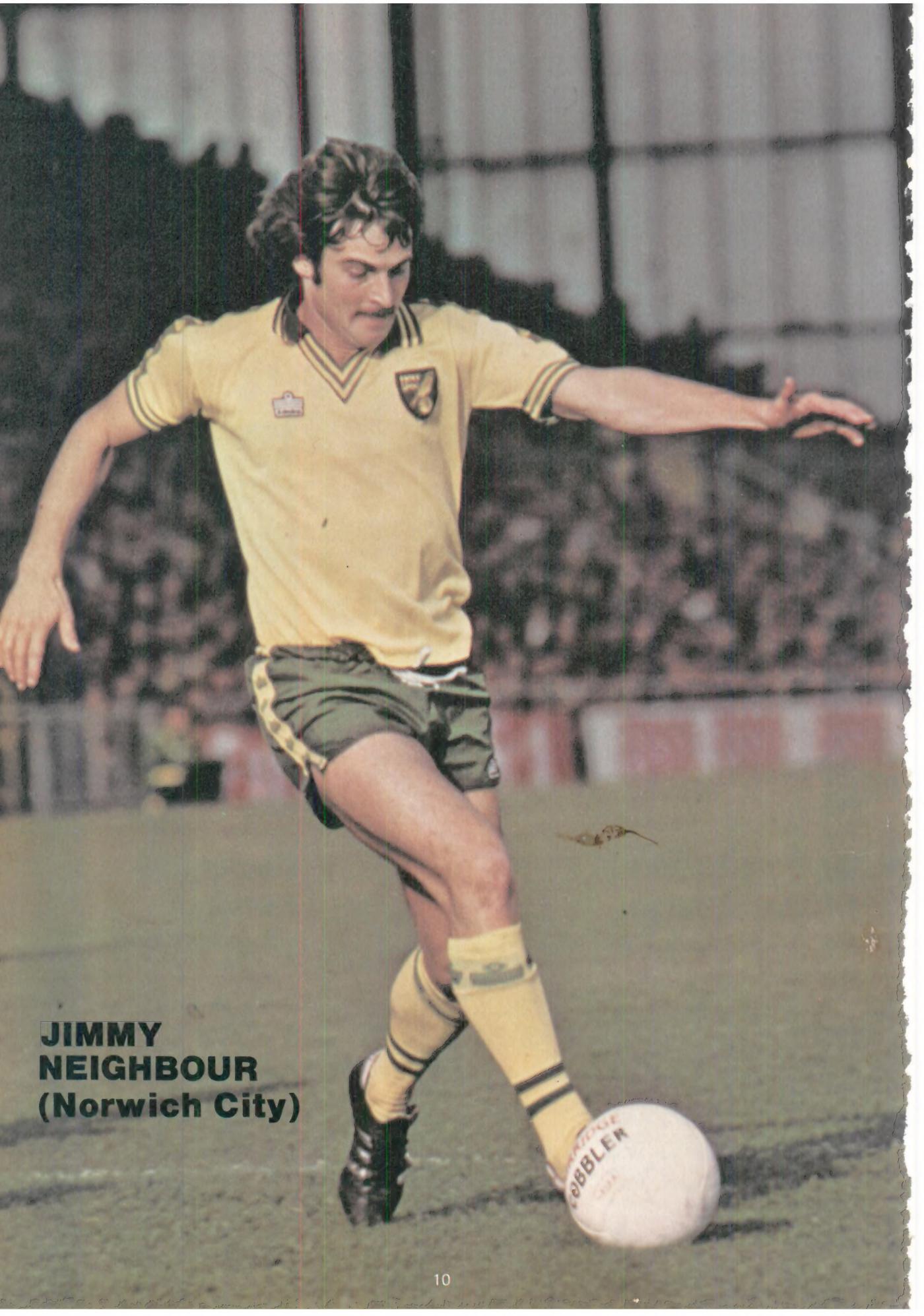
Kenny Payne— Forfar, Division Two

now that they meet each other so often. What chance have the other sides got?

KENNY: That question answers itself, Graeme. Anyway, it's been nice talking to you, brother. Possibly I'll be seeing a lot more of you in the future because I am aiming at a Premier League place. That's where I want to be and, like I've always said, I'm a far better player than you will ever be!

GRAEME: I'm not too sure about that, Kenny. I always thought the older brother should have been the one to teach the younger all about football. With us it was reversed!

KENNY: I'll remember you said that the next time I am dribbling circles round you!



**JIMMY
NEIGHBOUR
(Norwich City)**

DAVE CLEMENT
(Queens Park Rangers)





'Today's men don't need to be giants—they are better-trained, faster and more skilful'—Nulty

Nulty: I think that modern defenders are much more mobile than those of the Forties and Fifties. In those days they concentrated mostly on defence—when they had cleared their lines, the old-fashioned rearguards considered their job was done.

Labone: Agreed. As a centre-half who played in two eras, the 2-3-5 line-up days, and then those of the modern back-four system, I took part in the defensive switch-over. And the changes demanded that full-backs and centre-halves became more flexible in their approach.

Nulty: Today, clubs seem to be looking for men in defence who don't need to be giants. For example, Emlyn Hughes and Phil Thompson of Liverpool are tallish without being heavy-weights. And as a centre-half myself, I'm more lightly-built than an old-time pivot.

Labone: The days of the 6ft. 3ins. centre-half who weighed about 14 stone are gone. There are still a few big men around, such as Chelsea's Micky Droy and Southampton's Chris Nicholl, but they are the exception.

Nulty: The modern game calls for centre halves who not only defend but must be ready to start and join in attacks. This is what is expected of me at Newcastle, and whenever I see a chance to go forward, I take it.

Labone: Yes, but in some ways, a present-day centre-half is able to dodge some of the responsibility of the old-timer. In the Forties and Fifties, if there was a star goal-scoring centre-forward on the opposing side, he had to be closely marked by the centre half in a man-to-man confrontation—and if the centre-forward scored, the centre-half was blamed for conceding the goal.

CROSS TALK

Between Geoff Nulty of Newcastle United, a typical young centre-half of today... and Brian Labone, who retired in August, 1971, after a long, distinguished career with Everton, during which he won a Championship medal and played for England in the 1970 World Cup Finals



'The public miss the old-style battles between a goal-scorer and a centre-half'—Labone

HOW HAS THE NUMBER FIVE'S ROLE CHANGED?

Nulty: Well, it's true that with two centre-halves in a team today, one of them, the sweeper, is not required to do man-to-man marking. But I believe that an old-fashioned centre-forward would find it more difficult to score in the 1970's than he did in the 1950's.

Labone: It is certainly harder to score today. But in a way, I think the public miss the old-style battle between a leading goalscorer such as Tommy Lawton and a centre-half of the calibre of Stan Cullis. There was a cult in the old days of big-name centre-forwards and centre-halves, whereas now the

teams are made up of good players more than stars. Years ago, a winger like Stan Matthews would put at least an extra 10,000 on a gate. The fans loved his duels with full-backs. There are fewer crowd-pullers in the Seventies.

Nulty: This is because teams now demand more all purpose types of players. And with as many as seven men in a modern defence, even brilliant wingers would face a problem in creating openings. And today's defenders are better-trained, faster, and more skilful ball-players than their opposite numbers of 20 years ago.

Labone: I can't squabble about the better-trained bit—during my last seven years in the game, players were harder-worked during the week. And modern players are quicker and more skilled. Very often, though, everything is done at such speed that the spectators can't appreciate it. Years ago, they could follow the moves better, and I think enjoyed those more than they do now.

Nulty: Certainly, the fans will see less goals scored today in comparison with what they were accustomed to, as the massed defences are so difficult to break through—a goal-scorer now has a thankless task, Brian. I was a centre-forward briefly at Burnley, and can appreciate how difficult their job is.

Labone: The sight of a centre-forward beating his opposing centre-half near the half-way line, then running on to score, is one you don't see today, Geoff. Yet now there are many twin-strikers operating, which eases the burden on goal-scoring forwards. Having said that and allowing for the fact that there were some great old-time defenders, it must be granted that modern defences are better-organised and more efficient than those in the past.

NOBBY



I OVERSLEPT AND MISSED THE TEAM TRANSPORT





DON GILLIES (Bristol City)

Celtic and Scotland full-back Danny McGrain chases for the ball with Liverpool and England's Ray Kennedy during a clash between the two countries.



TAFTAN TALK

DANNY McGRAIN from Celtic

During my career as a professional footballer, I have been privileged to meet some of the top personalities, toured abroad and seen most countries of the world.

I would like to take this opportunity to tell readers about some of my experiences.

My two favourite show-biz people are both singers and need no introduction at all. They are Billy Connolly and Rod Stewart.

I have seen and met Billy on a number of occasions and his brand of comedy and singing has made him a national folk-hero North of the border. I try not to miss any of his shows when he is appearing in Scotland.

business in an easy manner. Not the hustle and bustle of many countries, particularly a place like the United States of America where everything is done at 100 m.p.h.

Another country I found very interesting was Singapore. When I was in the main town it looked beautiful, with luxury hotels and fancy apartments. A few miles down the road and it was as if I was in another country all together.

In complete contrast to the picturesque settings of Switzerland and Singapore, I never relish the thought of travelling behind the Iron Curtain, in Communist countries.

I am afraid Poland and Rumania are near the bottom of the McGrain list. They are so drab and seemingly lifeless.

I will always remember my first trip abroad with Celtic. Funnily enough, it was to Switzerland.

Kenny Dalglish and I were drafted into the first team squad for a pre-season tour shortly after the Parkhead club had won the European Cup in 1967.

I was only about 18. It was a completely new experience and both Kenny and I enjoyed the trip.

One excursion I won't forget in a hurry, however, was Scotland's trip to South America in the summer of 1977, prior to the World Cup Finals of '78.

We beat Chile 4-2 in Santiago—with goals from Dalglish, Lou Macari (two) and Asa Hartford—and our next port of call was Argentina.

From the moment we stepped off the plane in Buenos Aires the policemen and security guards did not leave us alone.

We had an armed escort to the hotel and to and from our training ground. It was a real eye-opener. The police were walking round with rifles!

I believe the reason for such tight security was the threat of kidnapping and they did not want anything to jeopardise their chances of staging the Finals, only a year away.

As it was, everything went off without incident and Scotland managed a very creditable 1-1 draw with the talented South Americans.

We finished the tour with a disappointing 2-0 defeat against Brazil in the fabulous Maracana Stadium . . . but that's another story.

'MY SHOW-BIZ PALS'

Rod Stewart is football-mad. He never misses an opportunity to come along and support Scotland.

I believe he was unable to attend Scotland's vital World Cup qualifying game against Wales in October, 1977, at Anfield and had a video-tape recording of the game sent to him.

I've also heard he has nearly worn it out by playing it so often.

He was constantly in the company of the Scotland players during the 1974 World Cup Finals in West Germany, and was as sick as anyone when we failed to go through to the next round even though we were unbeaten in our three games.

One thing I enjoy most, apart from playing, about being a professional footballer is the travelling. And with both Celtic and Scotland I have done a fair amount.

My favourite country is Switzerland. I really love the place. It is so quiet and quaint. Everybody goes about his



FOCUS ON past European Championships

The trophy a Home Country has yet to win...

As the 16 nations battled out the Finals of the 1978 World Cup in Argentina, England were left at home. A mere two goals denied them the right of qualifying instead of Italy and left them with two years in which to qualify for the Finals of the next major trophy—The European Championship.

The history of the European Foot-

ball Championship as U.E.F.A. decided to call it in 1966, did not start with that title.

World football has a lot to thank the French for. The World Cup and European Cup were devised in France. And so was the European Championship.

It was the idea of Henri Delaunay, then the secretary of the French Football Association. Unfortunately he died before he could see his brilliant idea

the four British Football Associations did not enter.

The first competition was played as a home and away knockout tournament and 17 teams entered.

There was a high-scoring Semi-Final between Yugoslavia and France, with the former winning 5-4 in Paris. Russia beat Czechoslovakia in the other Semi-Final 3-0 in Marseilles, and the stage was set for the first Final in the new compe-

brought to reality.

The trophy was first known as the Henri Delaunay Cup or European Nations Cup and kicked off in 1958.

The plan was that the competition would take place between the World Cup qualifying years. Not that all the major European football powers were that interested as West Germany, Italy and

tion in Paris. Russia needed extra-time to beat Yugoslavia 2-1 before a poor crowd of 17,966.

For the second competition, held from 1962-64, England, Wales and N. Ireland entered, but Scotland decided to stay out. The competition was in groups and 29 countries entered.

It was not a great start for England who, after drawing 1-1 on Sheffield Wednesday's ground, went to Paris—it was Sir Alf Ramsey's first match as England manager—and crashed 5-2 to France in the second-leg.

Wales departed at the hands, or feet,

U.S.S.R. versus Hungary in
Brussels . . . 1972 European
Championships Semi-Finals.



of Hungary and it was left to Northern Ireland to put up a gallant resistance. They beat Poland and surprised everyone by drawing in Spain.

But for the second-leg, the Spaniards called up their Italian-based stars Del Sol and Suarez and won 1-0 in Belfast. Spain then went on to beat Eire.

Spain, who had refused to play Russia

in the 1958-60 trophy as a protest against Russia's part in the Spanish Civil War 25 years earlier, now had a change of heart.

Spain beat Russia 2-1 in the Final held in Madrid, while Hungary clinched third place by beating Denmark 3-1 in the third place match.

Were England capable of making a better showing in the third competition

ABOVE
England v Switzerland at Wembley, 1971.
The game ended 1-1.

BELOW
Don't be confused by the German shirts.
Czechoslovakia have beaten West Germany on penalties to take the European title in 1976.



that took place between 1966-68? That was the question their supporters wanted an answer to.

England's chances of qualifying for the Quarter-Finals were dependent on them winning the Home International Championships, to be decided on the aggregate of two seasons' results.

It did not meet with the approval of Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland who thought England had the better chance of qualifying—they were right!

England lost to Scotland 3-2 at Wembley in 1967, but by drawing 1-1 in Glasgow in 1968, England qualified by one point.

Violent Match

England were drawn with Spain in the Quarter-Finals, and emerged victorious from both matches, winning 1-0 at Wembley in April, 1968, and completing the double with a 2-1 win in Madrid a month later.

The Semi-Finals and Final were held in Italy and with England were Russia, Italy and Yugoslavia.

England were drawn with Yugoslavia and in a violent match Yugoslavia won 1-0.



ABOVE
Popivoda scores against Wales in Zagreb, 1976.

BELLOW
Italy captain Giacinto Facchetti after his country's 1968 victory.



In that game Alan Mullery was sent off, the first Englishman ever to be dismissed in a full international.

Russia, seeking their third successive Final, had the hardest luck of all. They drew 0-0 with Italy, but went out of the competition on the toss of a coin.

The Final was drawn 1-1 in Rome, but in the replay, goals by Riva and Anastasi helped Italy beat Yugoslavia 2-0.

For the fourth competition, that began in 1970, only England out of the four Home countries managed to reach the Quarter-Finals. The group Wales were in being won by Rumania; Belgium won Scotland's group; and Russia were too strong for the Northern Irish.

England made the most of being drawn with Greece, Malta and Switzerland, and easily qualified for the Quarter-Finals. The match with Malta at Wembley in May, 1971, must have created some kind of record. England won 5-0. England's goalkeeper Gordon Banks did not have a shot to deal with in the whole 90 minutes.

But this easy progress came to a shuddering halt at Wembley in April, 1972. Then, in the Quarter-Finals, West Germany gave a packed Wembley crowd a wonderful display of attacking football to win 3-1.

Defensive

England's last chance was beating West Germany by a score that would give them a better aggregate. But the English team was as grey as the Berlin sky that poured rain down on the Olympic Stadium in Berlin a month later.

An England side that was far too physical and defensive drew 0-0 and again bid goodbye to the competition.

In the Semi-Finals held in Belgium, the host country, were knocked out by West Germany 2-1 in Antwerp. Russia clinched a place, their third Final, by beating Hungary 1-0 in Brussels.

Some consolation for the Belgian fans came by winning the third place match



West Germany captain Franz Beckenbauer takes the ball away from a Russian opponent during the '72 Final.

in Liege when they beat Hungary 2-1. In the Final, West Germany beat Russia 3-0 with Gerd Muller scoring two to add to the two goals that had won the Semi-Final.

Of the four Home countries in the 1974-76 European Championship, only Wales won a place in the Quarter-Finals.

England found the challenge and power of Czechoslovakia far too much for them in Group One. Yugoslavia won Group Three, which included N. Ireland, and Spain won Group Four in which Scotland competed.

But Wales were the heroes, finishing their Group with a 1-0 victory over Austria at Wrexham that won them a place in the Quarter-Finals.

Yugoslavia, however, proved too strong for Wales in Zagreb and beat

them 2-0. On May 22nd, 1976, the second-leg took place at Ninian Park. But it was a day of disgrace for Wales, as their fans rioted in a 1-1 draw and Yugoslavia went through on a 3-1 aggregate.

In the Semi-Finals, both matches went to extra-time. Czechoslovakia beating Holland 3-1 in Zagreb and West Germany beating the host country Yugoslavia 4-2 in Belgrade.

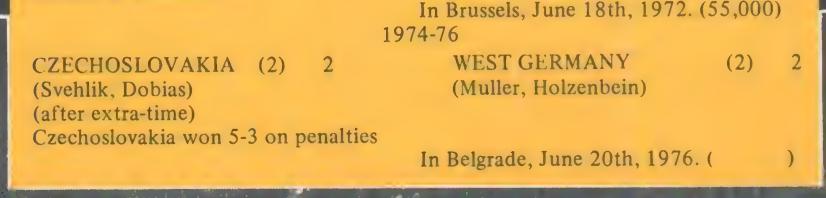
The defeat of Holland was a surprise after their fine showing in the 1974 World Cup, but they won the third place match 3-2 against Yugoslavia.

If the defeat of Holland was a shock, more was to follow. Czechoslovakia held the World Cup holders West Germany 2-2 in the Final, and then the Czechs won 5-3 on penalties after extra-time.

Now the qualifying matches for the 1978-80 competition are under way. Will one of the four Home countries succeed at last in Europe's top competition for national teams?

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP FINALS

1958-60					
RUSSIA	(0)	(1)	2	YUGOSLAVIA	(1)
(Metreveli, Ponedelnik) (after extra-time)					
In Paris, July 10th, 1960. (17,966)					
1962-64					
SPAIN	(1)	2	RUSSIA	(1)	1
(Pereda, Marcellino)					
In Madrid, June 21st, 1964. (120,000)					
1966-68					
ITALY	(0)	1	YUGOSLAVIA	(1)	1
(Domenghini)					
In Rome, June 8th, 1968. (75,000)					
REPLAY					
ITALY	(2)	2	YUGOSLAVIA	(0)	0
(Riva, Anastasi)					
In Rome, June 10th, 1968. (60,000)					
1970-72					
WEST GERMANY	(1)	3	RUSSIA	(0)	0
(Muller 2, Wimmer)					
In Brussels, June 18th, 1972. (55,000)					
1974-76					
CZECHOSLOVAKIA	(2)	2	WEST GERMANY	(2)	2
(Svehlik, Dobias) (after extra-time)					
Czechoslovakia won 5-3 on penalties					
In Belgrade, June 20th, 1976. ()					

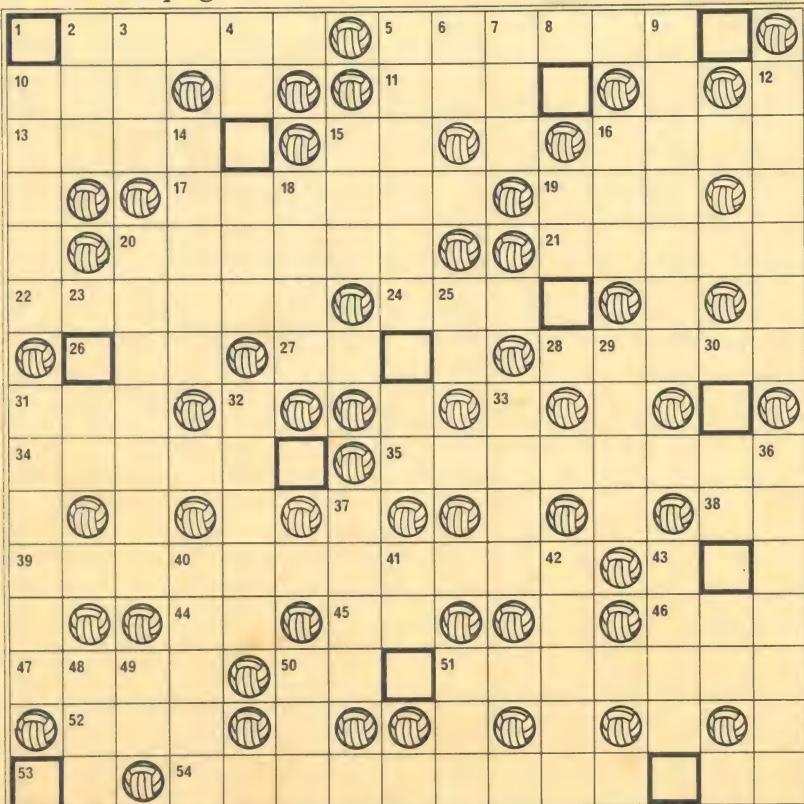


The Germans knocked out England on the way to their '72 triumph, winning 3-1 at Wembley.

GO FOR THE DOUBLE

After completing the crossword in the usual way use the letters in the following numbered squares:— 4, 7, 8, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 30, 39, 40 and 47 to form the name of the club from Filbert Street. (9 and 4).

Then sort the letters in the thick-edged squares into the name of a Manchester United and England Striker.
Answers on page 73.



CLUES ACROSS:—

- (1) Gasped for breath: after a hard run, perhaps.
- (5) Peter —, Leeds United midfielder.
- (10) H-dder-fi-ld Town, "The Terriers".
- (11) -bro--t-dium (Rangers). Rotation line from omissions.
- (13) Necessary items for complete cleanliness after the game.
- (15) — Andrews, Birmingham City's ground.
- (16) Meadow —, ground of Clue 27 club.
- (17) Push forwards towards the opponents' goal.

(19) — MacDougall, Southampton striker.
(20) Brian — Nottingham Forest boss.
(21) Take five letters from Vetch Field (Swansea City) to make a word meaning "expel".
(22) Some superstitious players might consider a four-leaved one to be lucky!
(24) David -- clough, Liverpool striker.
(26) Frank St---l-ton of Arsenal.
(27) --ts C-u-ty "The Magpies" need the time!
(28) To-my -r---, (Aston Villa). "Conjuring tricks" from the missing letters.
(30) Runners-up in the 1974 World Cup in Munich.
(37) Excessive commotion or concern.
(40) Ga-f--- Park; Arbroath.
(41) Les S-r-r-n- (Fulham). The omissions reserved.
(42) Number of times Aston Villa have won the F.A. Cup.
(43) -e-gh---n -hillips (of 50 across). Airman from the missing letters.
(48) Lincoln City, The Red ---s.
(49) Ray Cle---nce, Liverpool and England 'keeper.
(50) "The H---thor-s" (W.B.A.) needs a beard of grain.
(51) The number of goals scored in the 1976/7 Scottish Cup Final.

GREAT DEFENDERS - AND GOALSCORERS, TOO!





Gordon McQueen (left) scores for Leeds against Manchester City at Elland Road.

LEFT . . . Arsenal's Willie Young doesn't score many goals, but they're usually worth waiting for. Here, big Willie lets loose with a right foot thunderbolt against Leeds at Highbury.

RIGHT . . . The Cardiff defence is helpless as Bolton Wanderers' Paul Jones (white shirt) scores from close range.



West Brom stopper John Wile (far right) beats West Ham's Tommy Taylor to head home. In the centre of the picture is David Cross, who has since moved from Albion to West Ham.



Four players pinpoint outstanding displays in different positions

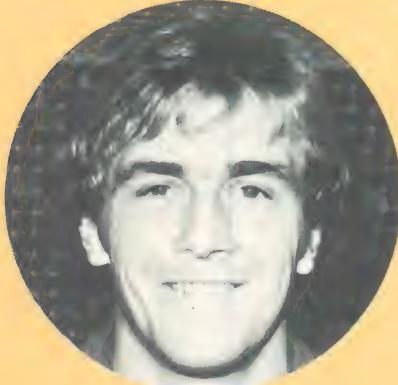
'The most impressive

MICKEY WALSH Blackpool

THE best goalkeeping display I've ever seen co-incided with the day I made my debut for Blackpool—the goalkeeper was our George Wood, and the match was against Fulham at Craven Cottage.

The result was a 0-0 draw, and George, who had had a spell in the reserves, chose to make his return to first team duty at Fulham a memorable affair. Blackpool were under a lot of pressure during the 90 minutes, and his exhibition was really brilliant.

GOALKEEPING: 'GEORGE WOOD WAS UNBEATABLE'



George, over 6ft tall, used his height to great advantage, cutting out crosses and centres that would have seriously troubled smaller men. There was loads of action in our goalmouth, and some tense defensive situations, but no matter how hard Fulham tried to find a way through they were unable to get the ball in the net.

And apart from dealing with the high balls, George showed equal ability in getting down to keep out the low shots. On that display, he was unbeatable, and certainly earned us a point.

IN an F.A. Cup-tie between Derby County and Blackpool at Derby, Colin Todd impressed me tremendously by his display at centre-half for them. We lost 3-2, and Colin did more than anybody else to bring about our defeat.

One thing that particularly stood out was his quickness—he was all over the place, and his ability to read the game put him in the right spot at the right time. And as I was at centre-forward for Blackpool, I can vouch for it that I got precious little change out of Colin on that occasion.

He was very difficult to beat, and together with his defensive ability,



frequently showed his attacking flair when he moved forward. Also, Colin had the gift of finding space for himself, and time to use the ball, which he did coolly and accurately.

DEFENCE: 'COLIN TODD EVERYWHERE'

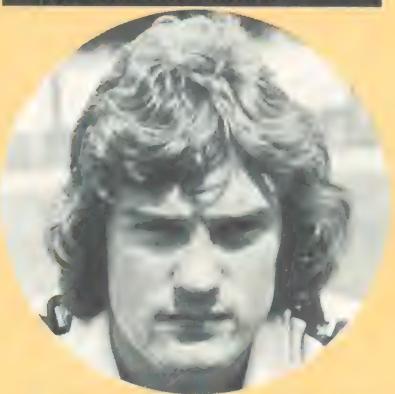


Glenn Hoddle, of 'Spurs, proved he had all the skills as a midfield man when Tottenham beat us 2-0 in a League game in the first half of the 1977-8 season.

In this match, 'Spurs were dominant in the midfield area, with Hoddle in rare form. His height helped to make him an outstanding figure, and whatever he did, he did with authority. His distribution was first-class—he pushed the ball around intelligently, finding his men well and creating openings.

And Glen himself scored one of the goals. He collected the ball in the penalty area, and keeping cool made a good job of putting it into the net. In my view, the fact that he scored fully rounded off an effective display.

MIDFIELD: 'GLENN HODDLE HAD ALL THE SKILLS'



Bob Latchford's hat-trick in Everton's 6-0 rout of Coventry at Goodison Park in November, 1977, underlined the big fellow's goal-scoring knack.

As a spectator, I saw Bob demonstrate power and aggression, plus deadly finishing ability, which stamp him as a formidable striker. In this sort of mood, any defence would find Bob an awkward handful, because he was more than ready to punish any mistakes made by the Coventry defenders.

If a successful centre-forward needs to be equally adept with feet or head in the opposing goal-mouth, then Bob Latchford proved he has all the equipment—and in addition he linked up smoothly with the rest of the Everton attack.

ATTACK: 'BOB LATCHFORD'S DEADLY FINISHING'



performances I've ever seen'



JOHN WILE West Bromwich ALBION

PAUL BRADSHAW gave the best goalkeeping display I've seen when he played for Blackburn Rovers against West Bromwich in the Second Division during 1975-76 season.

Blackburn had just been promoted, with Bradshaw, only a youngster, taking the place of the recently-transferred Roger Jones. And before the match, Albion had a get-together in which most of the tactical talk was concentrated on Rovers' new goalkeeper.

As Paul was inexperienced, we reckoned that if we could put pressure on him in every conceivable way, the chances were that he would be flustered into making mistakes which would lead to goals. But this was not the way it worked out, because within 10 minutes of the start, we were losing 2-0.

GOALKEEPING: 'PAUL
BRADSHAW FRUSTRATED
US'

Then for the next 80 minutes, we threw everything at Blackburn in an attempt to save the game—and we did manage to score twice and earn a point. But the astonishing thing was that in spite of the time we spent in Rovers' half, we had only two goals to show for it.

And the reason was the tremendous performance given by Paul Bradshaw. He repeatedly made brilliant saves, and we felt frustrated—after the game, the West Brom players were still trying to work out how he'd done it.

KEVIN BEATTIE, of Ipswich, is the man who impressed me with a complete exhibition of football when his team rattled in seven goals against West Bromwich. Wearing the number six shirt, Kevin not only showed great defensive skills when necessary, but also moved forward with devastating effect.

In fact, he got a goal with the hardest shot I've ever seen. Yet whenever Albion tried to counter-attack, Kevin was a

constant stumbling block to us. His tackling was very effective, quick and decisive, and his anticipation was first-class. He couldn't be caught out of position, and seemed to be everywhere at once.

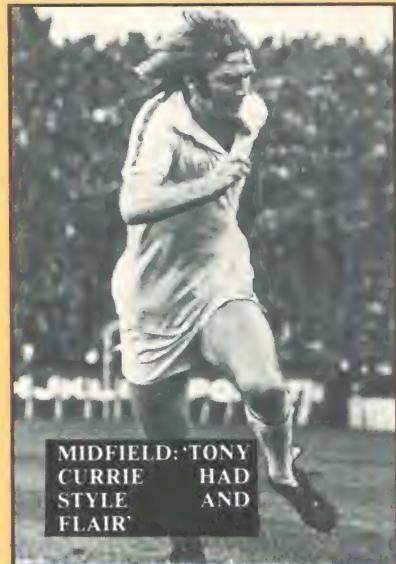
Summing up, I have never seen a defender have such an overall impact on a game—and unfortunately, it had to be against us.

DEFENCE: 'KEVIN BEATTIE —
OVERALL IMPACT'



FOR a class midfield display, I must nominate Tony Currie, playing for Leeds United with West Bromwich as the opposition. And the match had an extra appeal, because Tony had been bought by Leeds to replace Johnny Giles in their line-up—and Johnny was in the Albion team.

Leeds took a 2-0 lead over us, and Currie was their inspiration. He never put a foot wrong, and although we



MIDFIELD: 'TONY
CURRIE HAD
STYLE AND
FLAIR'

fought back to level the score nothing could detract from Tony's contribution for United.

His natural game is to pick up the ball from his own defenders, then spark off attacks, and this is what he did constantly throughout the 90 minutes. And Currie did everything in that match with style and flair.

PAUL MARINER demonstrated all the hall-marks of a top striker in the Ipswich front line when he appeared against West Bromwich. In an out-of-this-world performance, Paul not only

ATTACK: 'PAUL MARINER —
OUT OF THIS WORLD'



scored but also linked up intelligently and smoothly with the rest of the attack. He roamed from one side of the field to the other, finding space and using the ball skilfully.

And in the same match, Trevor Whymark turned in an unbeatable performance on the wing. His ball-control and shooting were top-class, and the two goals he scored set the seal on his performance. He and Mariner just could not be pinned down.

THE best display I've seen given by a goalkeeper was in the League Cup, when Everton beat Sheffield 3-0 in the second round and George Wood starred for Everton.

In the last 20 minutes of this match particularly, his saves were brilliant. Even though he was a team-mate of mine, I'm not prejudiced when I say he did everything right. George showed sure handling



GOALKEEPING: 'GEORGE WOOD HAD NO WEAKNESS'

when dealing with crosses, in turning shots over the bar, and quickness in getting down to keep out low drives.

In fact, he didn't have a weakness in any department, and his anticipation helped to make some of his saves look easy. And this is the art of a first-class goalkeeper.

THE man I credit with turning in the best exhibition by a defender is Derek Statham, when he played for West Bromwich in a League game against Everton which Everton won 3-1.

There was so much pressure on the West Brom defence that day that I thought Derek would crack under the strain—but he kept his head right through the 90 minutes. And even though his team had to defend for long periods, he

DUNCAN MCKENZIE Everton



DEFENCE: 'DEREK STATHAM KEPT HIS HEAD'



He certainly impressed the Kopites.

In addition to his ability to break up Liverpool attacks, he hit some fine long balls forward which were very accurate.

MIDFIELD: 'BUTCH IMPRESSED THE KOPITES'



And Butch himself frequently moved upfield to shoot at goal—indeed, Liverpool goalkeeper Ray Clemence had more shots to deal with from Wilkins than he had from the Chelsea front line.

In his tackling, leadership and determination Butch gave an example of top-class midfield play.

NOTTINGHAM FOREST player, Tony Woodcock, impressed me as giving the best exhibition I've seen from a striker—and this, too, happened in Forest's 3-1 victory over Everton at Goodison.

Oddly enough, Tony failed to score a goal, but in every other respect put on a show which was magnificent to watch. He constantly ran at the Everton defence, keeping the ball very close to his feet and making it difficult to dispossess him.

ATTACK: 'TONY WOODCOCK — GREAT CONFIDENCE'



THE finest exhibition of midfield play I've seen was in a League match between Liverpool and Chelsea at Anfield—and the man who stood out as I watched the game on television was Chelsea's Ray "Butch" Wilkins.

Playing at Anfield is not something that visiting players relish—it can be an ordeal, and the fact that Butch was able to perform so well in front of the Kop made his display particularly outstanding.

Also, he was quick-moving in everything he did, and linked up efficiently with his winger, John Robertson. Tony gave an all-round demonstration of aggression, and was exceptionally good at making space for his team-mates to operate in. Perhaps most of all, he was helped by his great confidence.

GOALKEEPING: 'ROY BURTON DENIED US A POINT'



WHEN I was with Bolton Wanderers, we met Oxford United three seasons ago in what was a vital Division Two promotion game for Bolton—and in it, Oxford's Roy Burton gave the best goalkeeping display I've seen.

We needed a point, but Roy saw to it that we didn't get it. Oxford won 1-0 and he kept out everything that we threw at him. And although he was a goalkeeper who usually stayed on his line, on this occasion he came out to deal superbly with high balls and every sort of cross the Bolton players put over.

At that time there was a lot of pressure on Bolton in their bid to reach the First Division and I felt the tension that gripped the crowd as well as the young players in our team. But none of this altered the fact that Roy Bolton showed tremendous anticipation and agility against us.

I was a spectator at the game which featured the defensive exhibition to top all others, in my opinion. It was the F.A. Cup Final in 1973 between Sunderland and Leeds United, and Sunderland centre-half Dave Watson exerted a significant influence on the result.

DEFENCE: 'DAVE WATSON BRILLIANT IN THE AIR'



Dave's tackling, his reading of the opposing build-up and all-round ability in everything he attempted, did much to prevent Leeds wiping out Sunderland's lone goal. And his height seemed to

BARRY SIDDALL Sunderland



emphasise even more the dominant role he played.

In addition to not putting a foot out of place, Dave's work in the air was brilliant. And when the United attacks on the Sunderland goal threatened a breakthrough, he showed the necessary coolness to cope well during tight situations.

MIDFIELD: 'BRAZIL'S GERSON ACHIEVED MIRACLES'



BRAZIL'S Gerson receives my vote as the man who turned in the most unforgettable midfield performance ever, in the Brazil versus Italy World Cup Final in 1970.

In that match, Gerson achieved miracles with his educated left foot,

opening up the play, tantalising defenders, and changing defence to attack. And apart from what he did, it was his way of doing everything that made a lasting impression on me.

Gerson seemed to stroll through the game—he never appeared to be in a hurry, and yet he was never short of space or time in which to distribute the ball with uncanny accuracy.

He had first-class vision and the valuable experience of the old campaigner. And to cap it all, Gerson scored one of the goals in Brazil's 4-1 win.

IN my last game for Bolton before joining Sunderland, I played against Plymouth—and I remember the occasion not because it was my farewell appearance for Wanderers but because of the ability of Plymouth's Paul Mariner.

Paul, of course, is now with Ipswich, yet I doubt if he could ever top his performance against Bolton that day. He



ATTACK: 'PAUL MARINER SHOWED ALL THE QUALITIES'

scored Plymouth's goal in the 1-1 draw by nodding one in at the far post—and this was only part of his overall offering.

Mariner's big asset was his speed, but added to it he possessed the qualities that go to make up the fully-equipped striker. Paul readily took men on, showing plenty of skill as he did so, and was very good in the air—also, he went in where it hurts, never worrying about taking hard knocks.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



1. Flags flying in other direction.
2. E's pack to form in UNITED.
3. No smoke coming from chimney.
4. Floodlight missing.
5. Ref's arm down.
6. Player has grown a beard.
7. Goalkeeper looking up.
8. His shorts are now black.

ANSWERS

It's a penalty for sure, but we're not sure you'll find the eighteen alterations our artist has made to this picture.



LIVERPOOL

'MAGICAL' KINGS OF EUROPE

European Cup Final—Rome—May 25th, 1977

Liverpool (1) 3, Borussia Moenchengladbach (0) 1.

Attendance: 57,000



LIVERPOOL'S 13th consecutive season in European competitions reached a spectacular and historic climax at the Olympic Stadium in Rome when they became only the third British side to win Europe's most illustrious club prize.

Kevin Keegan, playing his last competitive match for The Reds before his £500,000 transfer to Hamburg SV, brilliantly spearheaded Liverpool's triumphant march to glory with a display that can only be described as "out-of-this-world".

The Football League Champions put the previous Saturday's F.A. Cup Final defeat at Wembley firmly behind them as they swept aside the pride of West Germany with a decisive, skilled display that made complete nonsense of Continental claims that English football was ten years out of date.

The only real threat to Liverpool came in a ten-minute spell after the interval, but appropriately the veteran Tommy Smith came to the rescue.

Tommy, playing his 600th game for the club, ensured they survived the crisis by restoring their lead with a super header in the 65th minute.

On this night of magic Kevin Keegan

LEFT...Emlyn Hughes proudly holds the European Cup aloft.
BELOW...Borussia players show the strain of defeat.
RIGHT...Allan Simonsen pounces on a rare mistake in the Liverpool defence to score Borussia's goal.





Terry McDermott opens the scoring with a well-taken goal.

was outstanding. In a bitter battle with iron-man Berti Vogts, Keegan was the master, the instigator of most of Liverpool's attacks.

The Reds were so much on top from the start that few could have been surprised when they took the lead after 28 minutes.

Ian Callaghan started the move by robbing Bonhof and passing to Steve Heighway. As the Germans retreated to cover, TERRY McDERMOTT, also playing the game of his life, spotted a gap, raced through it and met Heighway's perfect pass to shoot the ball low and hard into the top corner of the net. Goalkeeper Kreib had no chance.

Liverpool then played at a controlled pace, saving their energy for the onslaught they felt must come from Borussia.

Indestructible

They lost concentration just once and were punished for it.

In the 51st minute Jimmy Case misdirected a headed backpass straight to ALLAN SIMONSEN who beat Ray Clemence with a fierce drive.

For ten minutes Liverpool struggled

to regain their composure and Borussia sensed they could perhaps snatch undeserved victory after all.

But with 25 minutes to go, Heighway sent a corner-kick into the penalty-area, and Smith rose superbly to head home. The indestructible warrior had not only restored Liverpool's lead, but their total command.

Shortly after Ray Clemence had made another breathtaking save at the feet of Heynckes, the veteran World Cup star Vogts sent Keegan sprawling in the penalty-area, and the French referee rightly pointed to the spot.

Calmly, Phil Neal placed the ball... and scored, to ensure Liverpool took the trophy which had been their objective for so long.

When it was all over, skipper Emlyn Hughes led his troops on a richly-deserved lap of honour and to pay tribute to the faithful tens of thousands of fans who had made the long journey from Merseyside.

On the night their beloved Liverpool were crowned Kings of Europe, Rome belonged to them!

After-match comments

'We have dominated one of the best sides in the world. It was a fantastic performance. . . as good as anything achieved by a British club in the past'—KEVIN KEEGAN.

'Steve Heighway clipped the ball into my path and I headed home. Their goalkeeper is 6ft. 5ins. tall . . . but he must have felt like a mouse'—TOMMY SMITH on his goal.

'I'm . . . I'm . . . well, speechless'—TERRY McDERMOTT.

'We slowed the game down to our pace. That allows for greater expression of skills and would be a good thing also for the game at national level. The second goal was the turning point. It completely put us in command. For the team to come back like it did after the equaliser was tremendous'—BOB PAISLEY, Liverpool Manager.

'No one could have stopped the Red Army tonight'—JOEY JONES.

'We played as though our defeat by Manchester United in the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley a few days ago never really happened'—skipper EMLYN HUGHES.

The Teams

Liverpool: Clemence, Neal, Jones, Smith, Kennedy, Hughes, Keegan, Case, Heighway, Callaghan, McDermott.

Borussia Moenchengladbach: Kneib, Vogts, Klinkhammer, Wittkamp, Bonhof, Wohlers, Simonsen, Wimmer, Stielicke, Schaffer, Heynckes. Substitutes: Kulik, Hannes.

Referee: R. Wurtz (France).





Tommy Smith heads home Steve
Heighway's corner.

Match stats

LIVERPOOL

SHOTS: On target: 9 (McDermott 3; Kennedy, Smith 2 each; Neal; Case). Off target: 3 (Heighway 2; Hughes).

FOULS: 11 (Kennedy 3; Neal, Heighway 2 each; Smith, Keegan, Case, Callaghan).

CORNERS: 8

OFF-SIDE: 3

CAUTIONS: 0

BORUSSIA

SHOTS: On target 5 (Simonsen 2; Bonhof, Stielicke, Heynckes). Off target: 5 (Stielicke, Simonsen 2 each; Heynckes).

FOULS: 17 (Vogts 9; Klinkhamer 3; Schaeffer 2; Stielicke, Heynckes, Hannes).

CORNERS: 0

OFF-SIDE: 1

CAUTIONS: Stielicke

How they reached Rome

BORUSSIA

First Round
v. Austria WAC

LIVERPOOL

First Round
v. Crusaders

Second Round
v. Torino

Second Round
v. Trabzonspor

Quarter-Finals
v. F.C. Bruges

Quarter-Finals
v. St. Etienne

Semi-Finals
v. Dynamo Kiev

Semi-Finals
v. Zurich

(a)	0-1	(h)	2-0
(h)	<u>3-0</u>	(a)	<u>5-0</u>
	<u>3-1</u>		<u>7-0</u>

(a)	2-1	(h)	0-1
(h)	<u>0-0</u>	(a)	<u>3-0</u>
	<u>2-1</u>		<u>3-1</u>

(h)	2-2	(a)	0-1
(a)	<u>1-0</u>	(h)	<u>3-1</u>
	<u>3-2</u>		<u>3-2</u>

(a)	0-1	(a)	3-1
(h)	<u>2-0</u>		<u>3-0</u>
	<u>2-1</u>		<u>6-1</u>



All smiles... Bob Paisley and Ian Callaghan.



Phil Neal's penalty puts the result beyond doubt.

**ANDY
GRAY**
writes for you

"At home with my P.F.A. awards."

• TRANSFERRED — but I thought I'd been dropped!"

The day before I joined Aston Villa, I thought my career was going to take a giant step backwards.

That week, early in the 1975/76 season, is one of the most unforgettable of my life and even now it's difficult to remember all

that went on.

I hadn't been doing too well and had scored just twice in Dundee United's opening games — and both those goals were in the same game.

On the Friday, manager Jim McLean — a man who did so much to shape my life as

a professional — seemed strange, distant.

We were due to play Celtic at Parkhead the next day and on such occasions I always stayed with my mother in Glasgow the night before.

Just as I was leaving Tannadice, Jim asked where he could get in touch with me later on if necessary.

I told him in not particularly friendly terms that I'd be at my mother's place, as

ANDY GRAY
(Aston Villa)



usual. Deep down, I was convinced he was going to phone me to tell me I wasn't going to play against Celtic.

I couldn't understand why he didn't tell me to my face. Being underhand wasn't Jim's style and I was most puzzled.

I should have realised that nothing was amiss. Upon arriving in Glasgow I popped round to see a girlfriend where I received a phone call from my mother. I was to ring United immediately.

I was fully prepared for the worst and my suspicions were "confirmed" when Jim said: "I don't think you'll be playing against Celtic tomorrow."

Before I had time to ask why he continued: "...because we've agreed terms for you with Aston Villa. If you're interested be at Glasgow Airport in two hours."

I couldn't think of anything to say! One minute I thought I was being dropped — the next I had the chance to join one of England's most famous clubs.

Luckily, I had an overnight bag and I hurried round my mothers' to tell her what was going on.

My biggest problem was that five days before West German club Schalke 04 had also made me a very attractive offer.

Their terms were fantastic and the hospitality I received from them couldn't have been bettered.

I always had the feeling in the back of my mind that I wasn't quite ready for such a big step, yet on the other hand with the opportunity there for the taking it was hard to turn it down.

I didn't get much sleep that Friday night in my secret Birmingham rendezvous. I kept asking myself over and over again: "What shall I do?"

Ron Saunders made up my mind for me. Any doubts I may have had were quickly dispelled as he convinced me Villa were a club going places.

I liked his honesty and my immediate

opinion was that Ron Saunders was very much like Jim McLean... a man of whom I can't speak too highly.

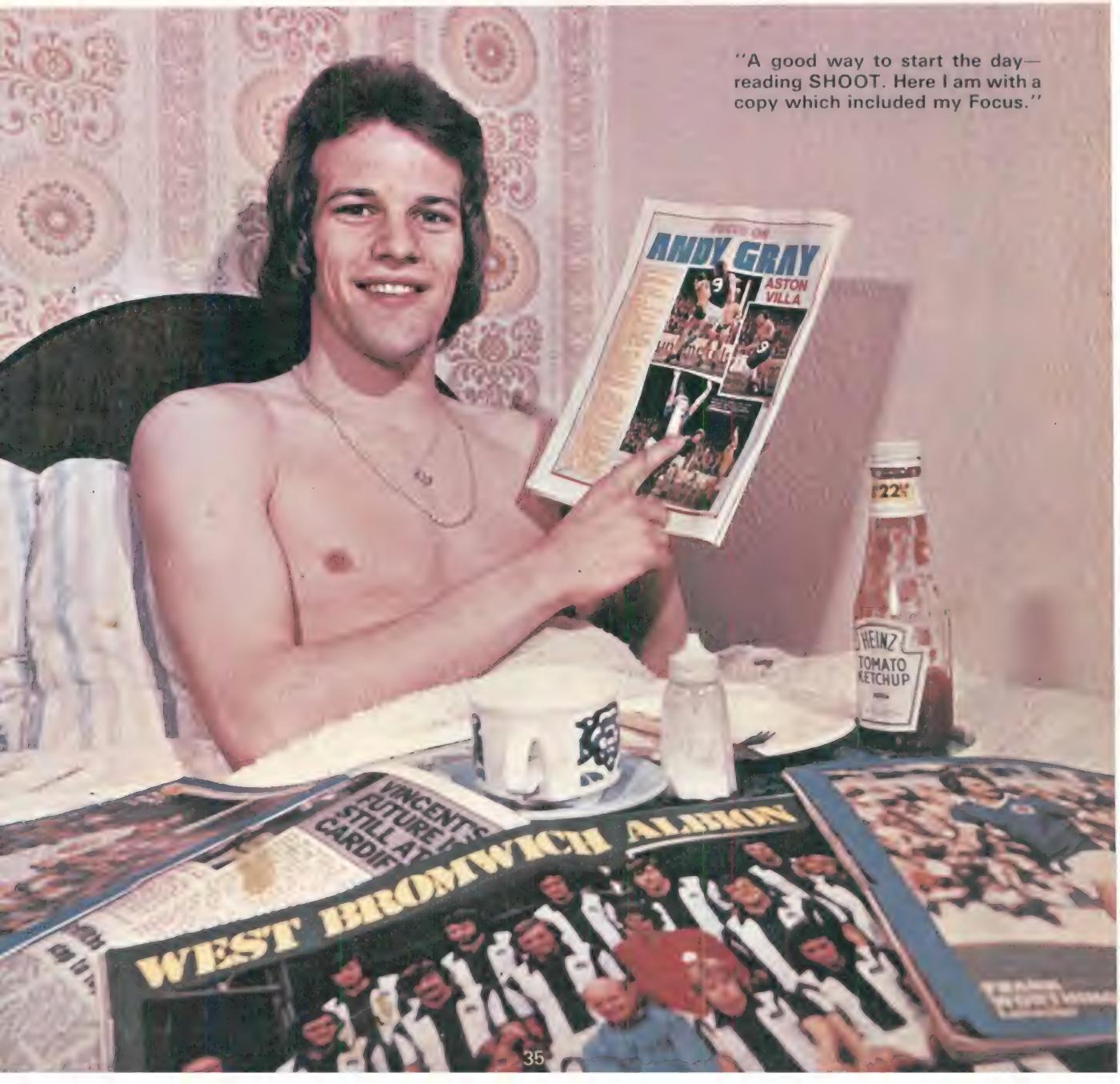
I signed that morning and in the rush forgot to phone my mother. Apparently she heard her son had been transferred on the television later in the day!

Naturally I've no regrets. Perhaps I could have earned more money in Germany. But I've no complaints with Villa in this respect and I'm sure Schalke couldn't have given me the satisfaction I've had with three years at Villa Park.

They say your first impressions are the lasting ones and this is true with Villa. Before my home debut — a League Cup-tie against Manchester United — I was almost overwhelmed by the atmosphere.

The only time I played in front of really big crowds with Dundee United was when we met Celtic or Rangers... now, in my home debut, Villa Park was packed and as I took to the field I could hardly believe my

"A good way to start the day—reading SHOOT. Here I am with a copy which included my Focus."





"In action for Dundee United against Celtic."

ears.

The air was electric and, to cap it all, I scored in the game... a small consolation for our 2-1 defeat.

Now I regard the Midlands as my home, although I'm still as Scottish as ever! Last year, I moved into a big house in Sutton Coldfield and while it's almost impossible to plan for the future in football, even when I've finished playing I think I'd like to stay down here.

I still try to go home — Scotland that is — as often as possible, but sadly that hasn't been as much as I'd like. The close-seasons seem to get shorter and shorter and I'm lucky to grab a fortnight in Glasgow now.

In fact, one of my favourite holiday places is the Isle of Lewis, where my mother was born. As a youngster I used to spend many weeks of the summer in Back, a small village on the island. Actually I am the only one of four sons not born there — I'm a Glaswegian.

Back to football, though... and whatever else may happen to me I doubt if anything will ever top my success in the 1976/77 Professional Footballers'

Association competition when I won both the Players' Player and Young Player of the year trophies.

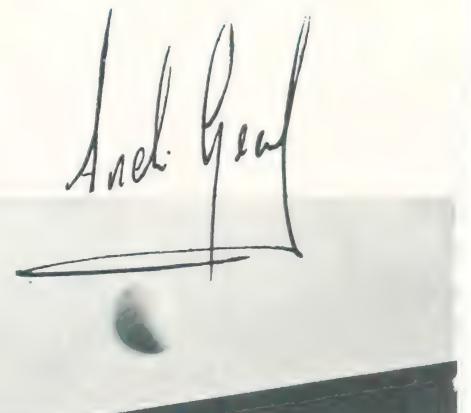
Villa players were banned from going to the London Hilton for the dinner as we were involved in a League Cup Final replay with Everton.

Normally, I think, the winners don't know, but special arrangements had to be made in my case. If I couldn't go to the Hilton, then I.T.V. had to come to me!

There were T.V. lorries parked around my house as a live outside broadcast unit was set up. A few of the Villa lads were in my front room where the presentation was made. It was an unforgettable night and the fact that my fellow professionals had rated me so highly made me prouder than I'd ever been before.

A few months later, I was chosen SHOOT'S Most Exciting Player in the English League, a wonderful climax to a marvellous season.

At 22 coming on 23 I hope I can look forward to gaining many more honours and sharing them with you in SHOOT.



LEFT: "Dundee United manager Jim McLaren (left) helped me early in my career."

ABOVE: "Laping for a high ball against Q.P.R."



DOUG THRIVES ON THE BIG-TIME



"DOUG SOMNER is every bit as good as Joe Jordan. In fact, he could be even better!"

That statement was made by a Premier League manager after Partick Thistle's fearless raider had turned in another impressive 90 minutes of front running and hunting for precious goals.

Somner may not be the biggest name in the Premier League, but he is a player who certainly thrives on the big occasion. Celtic and Rangers always have a hard time when he is around.

Last season he scored a brilliant winning goal against Celtic at Firhill, and not long after that he scored another superb effort against Rangers at Ibrox. The goal against The Celts was a crisp shot which flashed low past Peter Latchford into the net and, showing his versatility, his goal against Rangers was a flying header which rocketed past Stewart Kennedy.

"It's my job to score goals," says Somner, "and I'm quite happy with the way things are going. I don't try any harder against Celtic or Rangers. It just seems that I appear to get my fair share of the goals against them."

Somner, who joined the club from Ayr United along with Doug Mitchell in an exchange for Johnny Gibson, goes about his job with grim determination. He teamed up with Joe Craig, who went to Celtic three years ago in a £60,000 move, and their smash and grab act terrorised rival defences.

However, when Craig went to Parkhead a lot of people thought Somner would struggle without his support. Somner proved them all wrong. He continued to score goals and his unselfish work was praised by rivals and team-mates alike.

Bobby Houston says: "I wouldn't like to be a defender facing up to big Doug. He just does not know when to stop running. If a game lasted five hours he would still be going strong right until that final whistle!"

"He gets on with his job without any complaints or moans, even though he takes some rough punishment."

"It's all part and parcel of the game and he accepts this. He knows how to sort out any defender who may be giving him a particularly rough time. Doug just puts them all in the back of the net... as many times as possible. That's not a bad reply, is it?"

Derby County defender
Colin Todd shows his style
against Chelsea.





GORDON WALLACE
(Dundee United)

Graham Taylor deservedly won praise as manager of Watford in the 1977/78 season. But in the 1975/76 term, Taylor was manager of Lincoln City, and his team broke a record that may have been missed by many supporters.

Lincoln scored 111 League goals in winning promotion from the Fourth Division and thus became the first side to score a century of League goals in a season since Queens Park Rangers became "ton-up" boys in 1966/67 when they won promotion from the Third Division.

Luckily for football supporters, goals were more plentiful in the 1977/78 season. But before Lincoln broke the barren spell, it had been a long time

since the previous team had hit 100 League goals in a season.

Based on a review of goals scored since the 1950/51 season, the low spot came in the 1968/69 term when Fourth Division Southend United were the top scorers in the four English Divisions with 78 goals—and that was in 46 matches.

Saints Century

While the First Division produced even more dismal figures in the 1973/74 and 1974/75 seasons. Then no team in the top Division could even reach 70 goals!

Now that trend is changing for the better and two scores of 54 within a week during the Christmas matches of

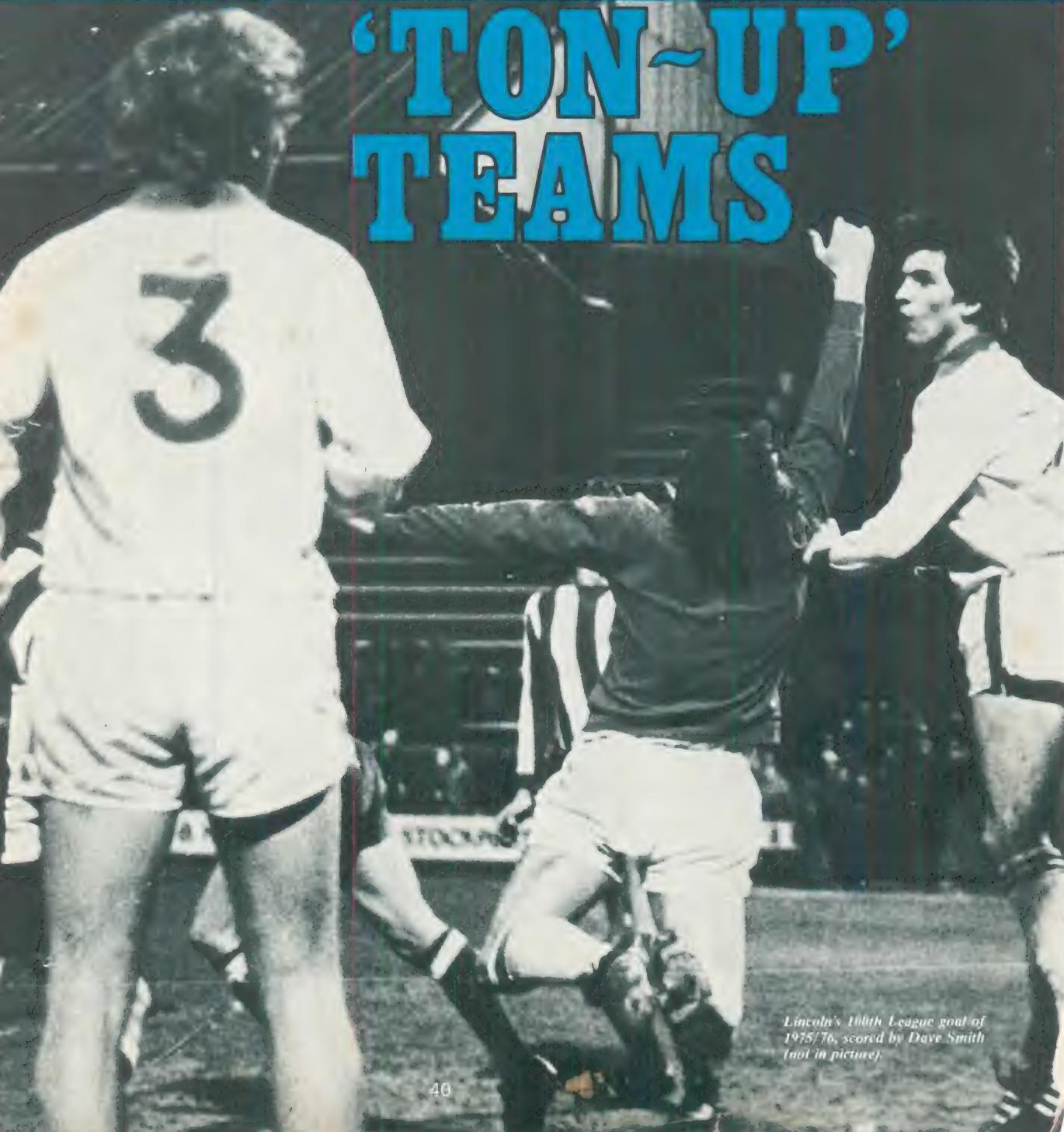
1977 showed strikers back in scoring form.

Even more remarkable is the fact that the previous time a First Division side scored a century of League goals was when Tottenham hit 111 goals and could still finish only second to Champions Everton who had netted 84. But the Goodison Park team had finished six points ahead in the 1962/63 season.

A season later Second Division Southampton netted 100 goals and they could only finish 6th.

In the ten seasons from 1950/51 to 1959/60 no fewer than 26 teams reached a century of goals. With 16 of them coming from the First and Second Divisions.

'TON-UP' TEAMS



Lincoln's 100th League goal of 1975/76, scored by Dave Smith (not in picture).

But that was the golden period. The next seven seasons, from 1960-61 to 1966-67, produced only 22 "ton-up" teams, with only seven of those 22 coming from the top two Divisions.

During that seven year span in the 1965-66 season the 100 goals teams dried up completely.

It's also a remarkable fact that teams who were admitted to the Football League after World War Two have distinguished themselves.



*Terry Bly
Peterborough
hot-shot in their
ton-up campaign.*

No more so than Peterborough United, who, in the 1960-61 season, their first ever in the Football League, netted 134 goals in the Fourth Division during their 46 matches. And that total is the highest total ever scored in a season by an English club.

Not satisfied with that, Peterborough followed up with another 107 goals the following season in the Third Division.

Unequalled

Two other teams who were elected to the Football League since 1950 are Shrewsbury Town, who scored 101 in the Fourth Division in 1958-59 and Colchester United who netted 104 in the same Division in 1961-62.



Q.P.R. (right), League Cup winners, 1967, when they also scored a soccer century.

THE 100 GOAL CLUBS

1950-51 to 1959-60

First and Second Division clubs played 42 matches and the Third (South), Third (North), Third and Fourth Division clubs 36 matches.

FIRST DIVISION

Tottenham 104 and Manchester Utd 103 in 1956-57, Manchester City 104, Wolves 103 and Preston N. E. 100 in 1957-58, Wolves 110 and Manchester Utd 103 in 1958-59, Wolves 106 and Manchester Utd 102 in 1959-60.

SECOND DIVISION

Sheffield Wed 100 in 1951-52, Blackburn 114 in 1954-55, Sheffield Wed 101 in 1955-56, Leicester 109 in 1956-57, Charlton 107 and West Ham 101 in 1957-58, Sheffield Wed 106 in 1958-59.

DIVISION THREE (SOUTH)

Nottingham Forest 110 in 1950-51, Plymouth 107 and Reading 112 in 1951-52, Northampton 109 in 1952-53, Bristol City 101 in 1954-55, Leyton Orient 106, Brighton 112 and Ipswich 106 in 1955-56, Ipswich 101 in 1956-57, Southampton 112 in 1957-58.

DIVISION THREE (NORTH)

Rotherham 103 in 1950-51, Lincoln 121 in 1951-52, Derby County 110 in 1955-56, Derby County 111 in 1956-57, Mansfield 100 in 1957-58.

THIRD DIVISION

Southampton 106 in 1959-60.

FOURTH DIVISION

Port Vale 110 and Shrewsbury 101 in 1958-59, Notts County 107 and Walsall 102 in 1959-60.

The last time a team before Q.P.R. scored the magic hundred in 1966-67 were Bradford Park Avenue, they scored 102 in the Fourth Division in 1965-66. Yet after the finish of the 1969-70 season, Bradford P.A. who once wore the colourful shirts of amber, red and black were not re-elected to the Football League.

But no team has equalled the amazing record of Manchester City in 1957-58. As fast as the Maine Road forwards scored the goals and they hit 104 in the League their defence was letting them in at the other end and conceded 100. No other side has scored and conceded 100 League goals in a season in the history of the Football League.

1960-61 to 1966-67

FIRST DIVISION

Tottenham 115, Wolves 103 and Burnley 102 in 1960-61, Burnley 101 in 1961-62, Tottenham 111 in 1962-63.

SECOND DIVISION

Ipswich 100 in 1960-61, Southampton 100 in 1963-64.

THIRD DIVISION

Bury 108 in 1960-61, Q.P.R. 111 and Peterborough 107 in 1961-62, Northampton 109 and Bristol City 100 in 1962-63, Hull City 109 in 1965-66, Q.P.R. 103 in 1966-67.

FOURTH DIVISION

Peterborough 134, Crystal Palace 110 in 1960-61, Colchester 104 in 1961-62, Mansfield 108 in 1962-63, Carlisle 113 in 1963-64, Chester 119 and Brighton 102 in 1964-65, Bradford Park Avenue 102 in 1965-66.

**JOE
HARPER
(Aberdeen)**



TERRY YORATH
(Coventry City)



HOW can a wonder solo goal finish up with a fan going to hospital? It's a strange question, but there is a simple answer.

Former Celtic player Andy Ritchie, now with Morton, is known for his brilliant goals and last season he scored another of his specials against Stirling Albion.

He beat three defenders in a mazy run before hammering an unstoppable shot into the net.

One Morton fan got so excited jumping up and down to acclaim the goal that he injured his back on landing and had to be taken out of the ground straight to hospital!



Willie in action against Manchester United.

Hero worship

WHEN Rangers skipper John Greig arrived at Buckingham Palace to receive his MBE in November, 1977, he was surprised to learn that a coachload of Ibrox fans had also made the journey to London... just to catch a glimpse of him. How's that for hero worship?

GORDON McQUEEN'S unhappy knack of getting booked for outbursts of temper last season brought an offer from a local hypnotist.

Mr. Vernon Sykes, of Morely, reckoned he could cure Gordon of his petulance which has so often landed him in trouble with referees.

Mr. Sykes said that by releasing tension in players it is possible to make them more tolerant.

He claimed a colleague working in a similar field has had great success in Scotland.

But Mr. Sykes' offer was declined.

ALTHOUGH it was only a West Riding Cup-tie apprentice-professional Tibor Szabo could not have asked for a better debut with Bradford City.

Tibor, whose father played in Hungary at the same time as Puskas, Hidegkuti and Co., scored only a minute after coming on as substitute against Leeds United.

Unhappily for Tibor, Leeds won 5-2.



NEWS DESK

COMPILED BY PETER STEWART

LIVERPOOL skipper Emlyn Hughes usually poses problems for opposing forwards when he's marshalling his own defence.

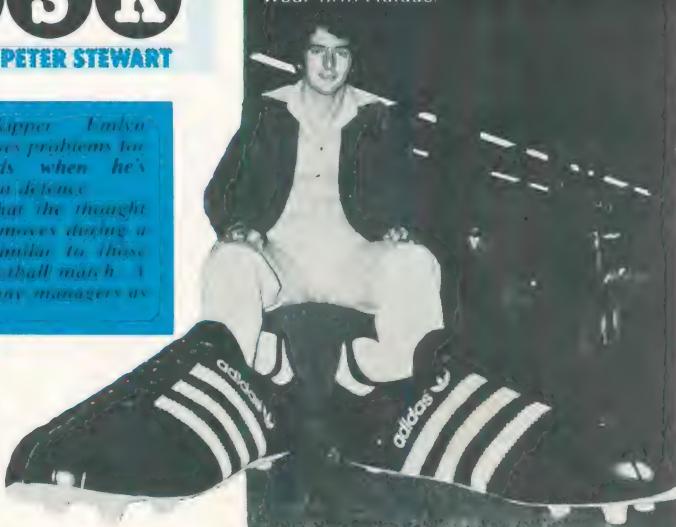
Emlyn claims that the thought and execution of moves during a chess game are similar to those made during a football match - a view shared by many managers as well.

fool of him... leave him standing... and similar caustic remarks.

Said Leicester's Steve Whitworth: "You soon get used to it and take it all in good part."

And Willie will go on using his talking tactic as part of his repertoire to get the better of full-backs and crack in those centres for Cyrille Regis and Laurie Cunningham to capitalise on.

HAS England star Trevor Francis grown too big for his boots? No, of course not. Trevor just tried on these "fun" boots for size, during an advertising stunt for sports-wear firm Adidas.



JOHNNY GILES is certainly famous... painted in big green letters on a subway in the mainly Irish Rockaway district of New York are the slogans... "Giles is King" and "Giles rules OK".

'I won't be following Don'

ONE MAN who doesn't envy Don Revie his life in the Middle East is his former opposite number with Scotland, Willie Ormond.

Says Willie, who quit as Scotland's manager to take over as boss of Hearts: "I wouldn't take a job with the Arabs if they offered me all the oil in the Middle East.

"Don will have to sweat for every penny of his wages.

"I was on holiday in Tunisia a couple of years ago and, while I like the people, there is no way I could be tempted to run football in one of the Arab countries.

"For a start I'm too fond of Scotland. Anyway, the heat would kill me."

Willie also has a theory as to what went wrong with Revie and England.

"With Leeds Don was just great," he says. "But maybe as England's manager he had too many players to pick from and just could not find the right blend."



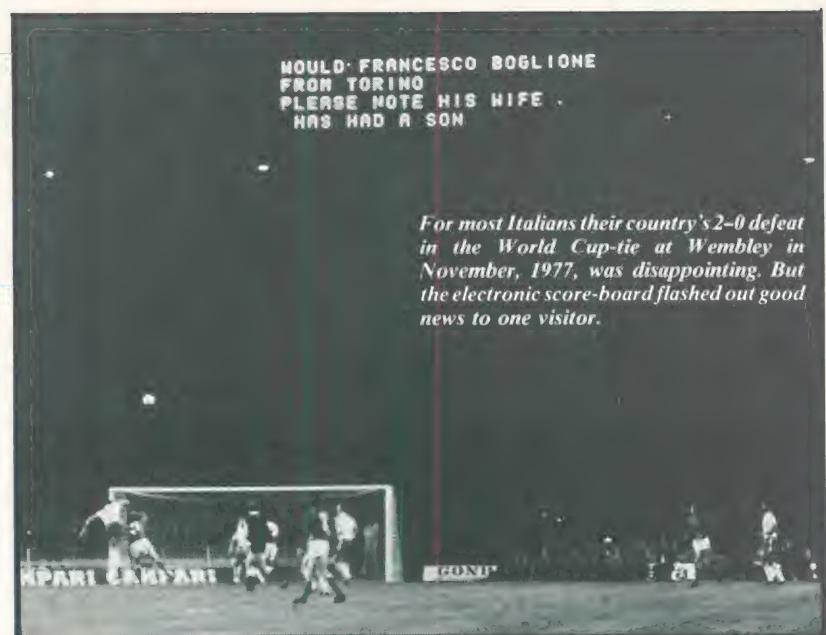
Sons in boots

SOUTHAMPTON manager Lawrie McMenemy thought long and hard before deciding to give his son Christopher a chance to make the grade as a player in his own right at The Dell — and signing him as an apprentice, — but there does seem to be a growing number of father-son relationships in the game.

Norwich City manager John Bond's son Kevin has been a regular member of The Canaries' defence and former Stoke manager Tony Waddington's son Steve is turning out with that club.

Ex-West Brom manager Ronnie Allen has son Russell playing for Tranmere Rovers and Bristol Rovers boss Don Megson is the father of Gary Megson (Plymouth).

There's even a pair of brothers, one of whom manages and the other plays in George Kerr (Lincoln City) and Bobby Kerr (Sunderland).



For most Italians their country's 2-0 defeat in the World Cup-tie at Wembley in November, 1977, was disappointing. But the electronic score-board flashed out good news to one visitor.

WATFORD'S manager Graham Taylor is an optimist.

"I believe in looking for the good things rather than the bad," he told fans in a programme message before his first game in charge — against Reading in the League Cup.

But, after his team had struggled to a mistake-littered 2-1 victory, he quickly told reporters: "When I say I look for the good things it doesn't mean I miss the bad."

SCOTTISH referee John Gordon had an unusual experience on his way to take control of the Falkirk Dunfermline League match at Brockville last season.

He was in the town with his two linesmen, when they came across a road accident.

Mr. Gordon, seeing that a man was badly hurt, took control of the situation. He called the police and an ambulance and kept the traffic in the busy street flowing.

Later the police thanked Mr. Gordon and his alert team.

IPSWICH LEAD

AMBITIOUS Ipswich set a lead last season as the first English club to open their own Astroturf training centre.

The East Anglians believe that the pitch, situated above the dressing-rooms, is helping in the development of skills of young players.

Manager Bobby Robson says: "The game has reached a critical state in this country, skill is lacking

and the only way to develop it is to work and practise.

"We feel Astroturf will help because it is very comfortable, and you can work on it at any time. I hope we have shown the way."

The synthetic playing surface is like a billiards table top and cost £16,000 to install.

DANNY v. IRELAND

DANNY BLANCHFLOWER once played AGAINST Ireland!

It happened on October 20, 1960, when Danny, then with Spurs, and his Irish colleague Jimmy McIlroy (Burnley), helped the English League defeat the Irish League 5-2, at Blackpool.

To balance things up a bit, though, Englishmen Geoff Twentyman (Ballymena) and Jackie Milburn (Linfield) appeared for the Irish League. And so did a youngster named George Eastham (Ards), later to play 19 times for England, in a humiliating 5-2 setback for the Football League, at Windsor Park, in April, 1956. Football is full of surprises!



Ipswich's Brian Talbot and Paul Mariner play "sweepers"!



Nottingham Forest midfielder Martin O'Neil is on the ball against West Ham as young defender Paul Brush prepares to tackle.

Ipswich Town striker
Paul Mariner
demonstrates the
power of his shooting
during an England
training session.



When Paul Mariner won his first England cap towards the end of 1976/77 season, a big cheer went up at Plymouth Argyle.

And it wasn't just because the Devon club were delighted to see one of their "old boys" in the famous white shirt of England.

They were... but it also meant Argyle were £20,000 better off. And at a time when money is often as hard to obtain as goals, it was as welcome as a Haig Park hat-trick!

The Mariner transfer was, you may remember, a cloak-and-dagger affair. Three clubs wanted Paul... West Ham, West Brom and Ipswich.

He eventually chose Ipswich, of course, but there is a lesser-known side to the transfer saga.

Mariner's soccer started in the Northern Premier League with Chorley. It was here that Paul, an apprentice engineer, learnt his other trade... the one that was to take him to the top.

**£20,000
when
Paul
Mariner
played
for England!**



Chorley were forced to drop down into the Cheshire League, yet when they sold Mariner to Plymouth for £5,000, they insisted on a special clause in the contract.

If Mariner was sold again within a period of five years, Chorley would have ten per cent of the fee.

Someone at Chorley deserves ten out of ten for foresight!

Mariner broke through into the Plymouth side in 1973/74 and was the club's top scorer at the end of that season. Those of you who have good

soccer memories will recall that this was the season when Plymouth reached the Semi-Finals of the League Cup before falling to Manchester City.

Mariner's goals helped Argyle into the Second Division and by then a lot of people were sitting up and taking notice of him.

The Bolton-born striker soon became one of the most sought-after front-men in the game and in October, 1976, Plymouth were forced to sell him.

So, with around six months to spare on their clause, Chorley were suddenly £12,000 better off. Well, such foresight deserved reward!

Plymouth sold Mariner to Ipswich for £120,000 plus Terry Austin and John Peddelty, which made his value something like £225,000.

Yet Argyle weren't to be outdone by tiny Chorley! They, in turn, insisted on a special clause which meant they would receive a further £20,000 if Paul played for his country... which he did in April, 1976, against Luxembourg at Wembley when he came on as substitute.

Mariner had indeed come a long way from those early days in Lancashire.

"Never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd achieve what I have done. No League club had really shown much interest in me, so I was happy to join Chorley.

"I even finished my engineering apprenticeship as a safeguard."

Let's hope Paul continues to "engineer" goals for a long time to come!

The story of Franz Beckenbauer, West Germany's most famous player **'THE EMPEROR'**

When Franz Beckenbauer left FC Bayern Munich, lured by a million dollar contract by the American club, the New York Cosmos, he turned his back on what could have been a glorious finale to a great career in German football.

Captain of West Germany, he might have helped them become the first European country to win a World Cup staged in South America, and on a more personal level, he could have become the most capped player in the history of the game.

When Beckenbauer played for Germany against France in Paris, in February, 1977, it was his 103rd appearance in the white shirt of *Deutschland*. Far and away a German record, at 31, only injury could have prevented him overhauling Bobby Moore's World record 108 caps for England.

In Germany, right-back Berti Vogts took over as captain, and wearing Beckenbauer's old number 5 shirt, Manfred Kaltz of Hamburger SV did very well indeed, standing in for the great man.

But if the national team did not appear to miss him, Bayern Munich did. They were already having a hard time in the Bundesliga, and slid rapidly down the table when "Der Kaiser" quit. Last season, 1977-78, was almost a disaster for Bayern, European Champions not long ago, finding themselves struggling

against quite ordinary clubs.

Until his sudden transfer to the U.S.A., Beckenbauer had been a one club man in professional football. Born in Munich, just days almost after the end of the War on September 11th, 1945, he was almost the complete player. Almost, because, though born with an abundance of talent, he had to work at his skills to improve them.

Arrogant

In an interview with Beckenbauer in 1966, he revealed that he didn't enjoy training as a youngster. Playing yes, but training no. It was only later that he realised how much he owed Rudi Weiss the Bayern Munich Youth team coach at that time.

Beckenbauer admitted that he had been arrogant and impudent towards Mr. Weiss, always the first to object when he told the players he wanted them to report back in the afternoons or

evenings for extra training.

It was only when Mr. Weiss dropped him from Bayern's Youth team, that he received the necessary jolt to his pride, and began to take training more seriously.

In Beckenbauer's youth, there were two big teams in Munich both playing in the Regional-liga Sud (South): FC Bayern Munich and TSV Munich 1860. Beckenbauer began playing with a junior team, SC 1906 Munich, and he was a fan of *Die Löwen* . . . "the Lions" of 1860. He used to play on Sundays for 1906 and watch 1860 on Saturdays.

When he was sixteen he had a nasty experience that converted him to a Bayern fan in an instant. In those days Beckenbauer was a centre-forward, scoring goals freely. Then in a local youth cup game against Munich 1860 he was fouled by the 1860 stopper every time he got the ball. He said afterwards: "I decided to give some back, but when I fouled this big centre-half, he hit me in the face, off the ball. That shook me

Two unforgettable England / Germany games . . . left, the 1966 World Cup Final (Weber scores the dramatic equaliser) and below is action from Mexico where the Germans gained revenge.



from my allegiance to 1860 so much so that the very next day I wrote to Bayern for a trial game"

Bayern accepted him, and still playing centre-forward he earned Youth caps for West Germany. Then when he was in Bayern's reserves, their Yugoslav coach of that time Zlatko Cajkowski, known to everyone as "Tschik" converted him to right-half.

With Bayern from the age of 13, Beckenbauer moved up through their teams and at 19 was established at right-half in the first team. In season 1964-65, when he was 21, he helped Bayern win the Second Division (South) Championship, playing twice that season for West Germany's 'B' team.

Also playing for Bayern at that time was the now legendary Gerd Muller, but it was Beckenbauer who was to become a star first.

By this time, "Tschik" Cajkowski had changed Beckenbauer's position once more. Bayern had a very good attack in which Muller scored goals freely, and a strong midfield. But they were weak in defence, and Cajkowski asked Beckenbauer to play the sweeper game, behind the defence, known in Germany as the *ausputzer*.

New Role

Though not very strong in the air at that time in one-against-one duels, Beckenbauer settled into his new role like a master, his sense of anticipation enabling him to cover his colleagues when they were beaten, and intercepting through passes as if he was born to it.

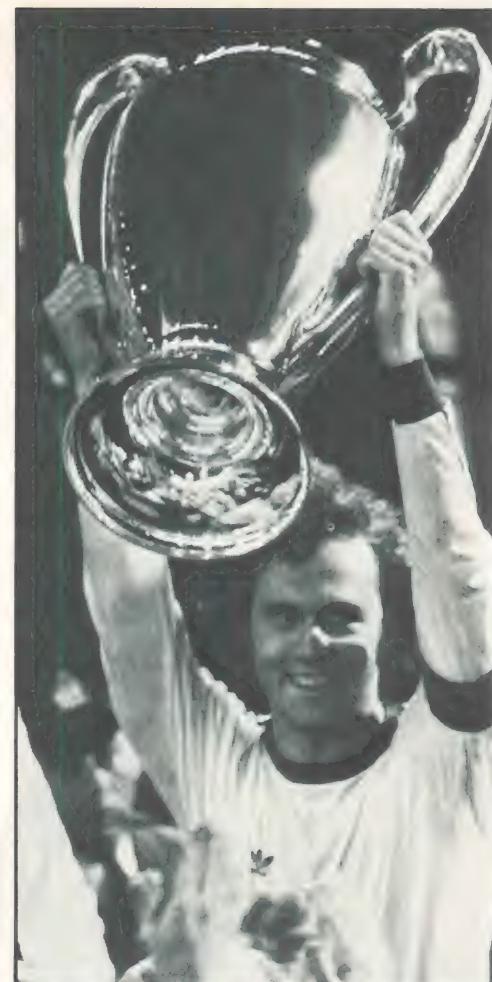
Once in possession, Beckenbauer always used the ball wisely, not venturing upfield at this stage, but content to intercept the ball, beat a man occasionally, and set up a counter attack with a telling pass.

Beckenbauer's change of role for his club did not alter the high opinion of him as a midfield player, held by national team manager Helmut Schoen. In 1965, Herr Schoen gave him his first cap, at right-half in a World Cup game against Sweden. And helping West Germany to qualify, Beckenbauer came to England for the World Cup Finals in 1966 as a relatively unknown player outside Germany.

That was a great year for Beckenbauer. Bayern finished their first season in the Bundesliga in third place, defying the critics who had said they would be in for a relegation struggle, and capping that, they also won the German FA Cup, beating Meidericher SV (now Duisberg) by 4-2.

In February, 1966, Beckenbauer came to London, playing right-half for West Germany at Wembley where England beat them 1-0. Beckenbauer's presence passed unnoticed.

A month later in Rotterdam, Beckenbauer scored two goals in Germany's 4-2 win over Holland and he got another in May, when West



ABOVE . . . A familiar sight—Beckenbauer the successful captain. Left, he is seen with the 1974 World Cup while right he holds the European Cup after Bayern had beaten Leeds.

BELOW . . . West Germany on their way to becoming 1972 European Champions.





ABOVE... One hundred caps for Franz—June, 1976.



ABOVE
Franz the loser after Czechoslovakia had beaten Germany in the 1976 European Championship Final on penalties. Beckenbauer led his men superbly in this competition and once again underlined the fact that he is one of the greatest footballers of all-time.

RIGHT
Beckenbauer before his final game for Bayern, against Borussia Monchengladbach on May 21st, 1976.

Germany beat Eire 4-0 in Dublin.

With 8 internationals behind him, Beckenbauer returned to England in July, 1966, and became a star overnight. In West Germany's first World Cup match at Sheffield, Beckenbauer had a brilliant game, scoring 2 goals himself in a 5-0 win over Switzerland.

Not surprisingly, Beckenbauer kept his place, scoring again in the Quarter-Final against Uruguay, and getting a vital goal in the 2-1 Semi-Final win over Russia in Liverpool.

In the Final, the record books show that England won the World Cup, beating West Germany 4-2 after extra time. For Beckenbauer, still only 21, he came out of the series as a new World Class star, and despite this early disappointment, he was soon to earn every honour in the game.

For Bayern Munich, Beckenbauer became the captain, leading them to success in the 1967 European Cup-winners Cup, when they beat Glasgow Rangers 1-0 in the Final, and in addition, repeated their German FA Cup success of a year earlier to complete a double.

He won four German Cup winner's medals in 1966, 1967, 1969 and 1971 and of course he played a major role in every success.

Bayern made their big breakthrough in the 1968-69 season when they won the Bundesliga title. Then, facing stiff opposition from Borussia Monchengladbach, Bayern had to wait until season 1971-72 for their second Bundesliga Championship, the first of three successes in a row, being Champions again in 1972-73 and 1973-74.

By this time Bayern were Champions of Europe, with Beckenbauer receiving the European Cup as captain in 1974, when they beat Atletico Madrid 4-0 in a Final replay, two days after a 1-1 draw.

Beckenbauer helped Bayern win the European Cup three times in a row,

beating Leeds United 2-0 a year later and AS St.-Etienne 1-0 in 1976.

By now, Beckenbauer had revolutionised the game by being the first of the attacking sweepers, repeatedly gaining possession of the ball deep behind his own defence, and attacking with it, either by dribbling forward or exchanging one-two's with colleagues, quite often scoring vital goals himself and laying on many more of the chances that Muller turned into goals.

On a personal level, Beckenbauer was voted German "Footballer of the Year" four times—in 1966, 1968, 1974 and 1976. Perhaps the biggest prize of all, the European Footballer of the year award, came to him in 1972 and 1976.

These honours did not merely come to Beckenbauer as a representative of the German team that won the European Championship for national sides in 1972 and reached the 1976 Final. Neither were they only an acknowledgement of Bayern's achievements in Europe.

Franz Beckenbauer, vying with Johan Cruyff (at his peak) for the title of best player in Europe, played a full part in everything Bayern and Germany achieved.

By now, "Der Kaiser". . . the King, as the German fans called him, had improved his heading, was better in the tackle than ever before—and just as dangerous as ever when he came forward from the back.

In 1970, he played superbly in the England-West Germany World Cup Quarter-Final in Mexico. With England 2-0 he came forward to score Germany's first goal and set them off to a 3-2 win. He played superbly, even though carrying an injured arm for much of the game in the Mexico World Cup Semi-Final against Italy that swung crazily, first one way, then the other before Germany were beaten 4-3 after extra time. Through injury he missed the game in which



Germany took third place.

Perhaps 1972 was the peak achievement of German football in Beckenbauer's time when they won the European Championship in great style with what was probably their best-ever team. Sepp Maier, Paul Breitner, Gunter Netzer, Herbert Wimmer and the attacking spearheads, Gerd Muller and Jupp Heyncs, were all superb, as the Germans, after beating England 3-1 at Wembley, went on to beat Belgium (at home), 2-1 in the Semi-Final and Russia 3-0 in the Final, with a devastating display of skilful, attacking soccer.

Germany's 1974 World Cup success was less spectacular, but Beckenbauer deserved his World Cup winner's medal, for an immaculate display at the back.

The German 1972 side was a team of all the talents, but even in such distinguished company his skills stood out.

Against England, it was Beckenbauer who first broke the Germany bogey, scoring the only goal that gave Germany a 1-0 win, in a friendly match in Hannover in 1968, when he was still playing in midfield. Perhaps the most psychologically important goal of the 14 he scored for Germany in his record 103 games.

As an attacking defender, he became a legend in his own time and he achieved everything without being particularly fast, nor ever being a physical player.

One word sums up Franz Beckenbauer: class.

Perhaps above all in his generation,

he had outstanding skills and intelligence to match his ability with the ball. A complete player in every sense, equally happy in defence or attack, Beckenbauer always looked poised and polished, elegant and unhurried in everything he did.

Aloof Spectator

As a defender he was seldom forced to sprint, for his positional play took him directly to the point of danger, long before the crisis arose, and even in his own penalty area he had the skill and confidence to beat men with feints and dribbles before parting with the ball.

Where lesser players are often forced to kick the ball away, Beckenbauer never

lost the appearance of being an aloof spectator, though still very much in contact with everything going on around him. When challenged, and with no free man to pass to, and all passing angles closed down, Beckenbauer would find a way; with a delightfully chipped ball over the head of an opponent only three yards away, or by bending a pass round an enemy defender who appeared to be covering his intended pass.

European football is the poorer for his transfer to the USA, and although he helped the Cosmos win the American title in his first season, it is doubtful if the U.S. fans fully appreciate his genius.

It will be many years before we see the equal of "Kaiser" (Emperor) Franz, West Germany's finest product.

RIGHT . . . Beckenbauer and Helmut Schoen—the pair have done so much for West German football.

BELOW . . . The game's the same (well, almost!), but the strip is different. Beckenbauer of the Cosmos. In his first season he helped them become Champions.



The TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR STORY

SPURS SET FOR A GREAT REVIVAL?

If you believe history repeats itself, then be prepared for Tottenham achieving success in 1981.

Over the years, they have made a habit of winning a major honour whenever the year ends in a "1".

In 1901 and 1921 Spurs captured the F.A. Cup, the League Championship in 1951, the 20th Century's first League and F.A. Cup double in 1961, and the League Cup in 1971.

Add other honours such as Second Division Championships, European Cup-Winners' Cup and U.E.F.A. Cup victories, and you'll agree it isn't a bad record for a club casually formed in 1892 by members of a local cricket team.

Legend has it the boys met one night under a gas lamp in Tottenham High Road and decided to form a football team to keep themselves fit during the winter.

But why Hotspur? That was the name of the cricket team, taken from Harry "Hotspur", the nickname of Sir Henry Percy (1364-1403) eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, whose family seat was close to the club's original home, on the rough grass of



ABOVE... Spurs, F.A. Cup-winners, 1901. Goal-hero Brown is centre, front row.
BELOW... Double-winners 1960/61. Spurs are seen with the Championship and F.A. Cup. Their Captain was Danny Blanchflower.

Tottenham marshes.

Spurs made rapid progress. By 1885 they were able to rent a proper ground on a field at Northumberland Park, and by 1898 had moved to their present world-famous site at White Hart Lane.

Three years earlier, in 1895, the club had turned professional—in a very unusual manner. Because one of their best players had been given a pair of boots he was declared a professional, which was still an ugly word in the South.

So Tottenham had to make the choice—sack their star player, or make the club a professional one.

They chose the latter and six years later beat Sheffield United 3-1 after a replay at Bolton to win the F.A. Cup.

It was the first time since professional soccer had been introduced that the trophy had been won by a club South of Birmingham.

Cup-hero for Spurs that 1900-01 season was Sandy Brown. He scored in every round to amass 15 goals...a record





that stood for over 70 years.

Tottenham were in the Southern League at the time, but were invited to join the Second Division of the Football League in 1908.

After just one season in the Second, Tottenham won promotion to the First as runners-up to Bolton.

After narrowly avoiding the drop three times in six years, Spurs were finally relegated in 1915, the last season before the game was interrupted by World War One.

When League football resumed in 1919-1920, both Divisions had been enlarged from 20 to 22 clubs. But the extra competition didn't prevent Spurs winning promotion from the Second at their first attempt with a record 70 points.

The drive of left-half and captain Arthur Grimsdell, craft of Jimmy Seed, Jimmy Cantrell and Jimmy Dimmock helped the club to a second F.A. Cup Final win over Wolves at Chelsea the following term.

In 1921-22, Tottenham almost won the double, finishing as runners-up to League Champions Liverpool and losing to Preston in the F.A. Cup Semi-Finals.

Six seasons later they were relegated with Middlesbrough. There was to be no rapid return for Tottenham this time, though.

In fact, the club had to wait until 1933 before going back to the First Division, when they ended the season as runners-up to Stoke City.

Into the team came Arthur Rowe, a man who later as manager masterminded the famous push-and-run style which was to bring the club so much success.

To play alongside Rowe, Willie Hall was signed from Notts County. A year later they both played in the England team which beat France 4-1 at White Hart Lane.

With Rowe being forced to retire prematurely because of injury, Spurs slipped disastrously out of the First, after only their second season back among the elite.

Fifteen years later, in 1949-50,

Tottenham Hotspur proudly regained their First Division status with stars such as goalkeeper Ted Ditchburn, full-back Alf Ramsey, wing-halves Ronnie Burgess, Bill Nicholson and Eddie Baily (later to become coach under Nicholson), centre-half Harry Clarke, and inside-forward Les Bennett.

Greater triumphs were to follow for the club. Twelve months later they were League Champions. Gates at White Hart Lane that season averaged over 55,000.

In 1951-52, Spurs, with manager Arthur Rowe and his revolutionary push-and-run tactics, were providing some of the most exciting soccer of the age.

Gradually, though, time and age took its toll and when Spurs "came good"



ABOVE... Jimmy Robertson, Frank Saul and Jimmy Greaves celebrate another triumph.

BETWEEN... U.E.F.A. Cup winners, 1972.



again Bill Nicholson had changed his role from player to manager.

At the club since 1936, he became coach in 1955, then assistant-manager, and in October, 1958, was appointed manager.

In his first match in charge, Spurs hammered Everton 10-4 at White Hart Lane.

Bill Nicholson went on to build the Super Spurs, the Lilywhites who marched on to greatness.

In 1960-61 they became the first club to achieve the F.A. Cup and League Double in modern times.

Many Spurs fans still remember the players who made up this remarkable team: skipper Danny Blanchflower, whose £30,000 transfer fee from Aston Villa in 1954 rocked soccer.

Next came Maurice Norman, Bobby Smith from Chelsea, and lion-hearted Dave Mackay for £30,000 from Hearts. What a bargain he was to prove.

Two other Scottish internationals arrived at White Hart Lane...goalkeeper Bill Brown and John White, who was to be tragically killed by lightning, in July 1964, when at the height of his career.

Spurs followed up their sensational double by winning the F.A. Cup again the next season—and then the Cup-Winners' Cup in 1963—the first British club to land a major European trophy.

In the same competition in 1963-64, Dave Mackay broke a leg against Manchester United in the Second Round—and again in his first match back after recovery.

The iron-man of football refused to let the injury beat him. He fought back to fitness and skippered Spurs to a third F.A. Cup victory over Chelsea in 1967.

In that team were new stars such as Northern Ireland 'keeper Pat Jennings, Alan Mullery, later to take over as captain from Mackay, Jimmy Greaves, Alan Gilzean, Terry Venables, Mike England, Cyril Knowles and Jimmy Robertson. There was so much class about, Welsh wonder winger

Cliff Jones was substitute

After their Wembley triumph, Tottenham went through a comparative quiet spell. To boost the team Bill Nicholson paid Southampton £125,000 for striker Martin Chivers, and in 1969-70 took England's World Cup star Martin Peters from West Ham in a then-record £200,000 deal that involved Jimmy Greaves going to Upton Park.

The departure of Greaves, one of the most prolific goalscorers in the history of British football, left a huge gap at White Hart Lane. . . one that has never really been filled.

Signed in November, 1961, from AC Milan for £99,999 Jimmy scored over 200 League goals for Spurs in 321 appearances. Add his tally in Cup-ties and European matches and he averaged almost a-goal-a-game.

By 1970-71 and without goal-hungry Greaves, Spurs were on their way back. They finished third in the Championship race, and won the Football League Cup for the first time when they defeated Third Division Aston Villa at Wembley.

A new star was born for Tottenham that day. . .midfielder Steve Perryman, who helped the club win the U.E.F.A. Cup the following term.

Tottenham landed the League Cup again in 1972-73 when a goal from substitute Ralph Coates, a £190,000 buy from Burnley, was enough to beat Norwich City.

Spurs ended that campaign in eighth position in the First Division. In 1973-74 they slumped to 11th. White Hart Lane needed drastic changes. The soccer scene in London seethed with rumour and counter-rumour.

Then, on August 29th, 1974, sensation! Bill Nicholson resigned as manager after 39 years at the club.

Twelve days later, after Spurs had suffered a crushing 4-0 home defeat by Middlesbrough in the League Cup, Terry Neill, the Hull City and Northern Ireland boss, was appointed manager for a five-year period.

There was no dramatic rise in Tottenham's fortunes. In fact at the end of Neill's first month in charge, they had slid to joint bottom of the First Division with Arsenal.

That was on Saturday, October 12th, when they lost 1-0 away to Chelsea. A few days later striker John Duncan arrived from Dundee for £150,000.

Defender Don McAllister was bought from Bolton for £80,000 and skipper Martin Peters sold to Norwich for £50,000.

In 1974-75 Spurs escaped relegation by defeating Leeds 4-2 in the last match of the season. Scorer of one of the goals was Martin Chivers, recalled to the side after two months' absence. The ex-England star was later to be transferred to Swiss club Servette.

The following season Neill guided the club to a respectable ninth position in the First Division. . .eight places above their North London rivals Arsenal.

Then, in June 1976, with Tottenham

fans expecting a good start to the 1976-77 campaign, Terry Neill, the youngest manager in the First Division, resigned.

No sooner had those headlines died away than he was named successor to Bertie Mee as manager of Arsenal, the club he had served for 11 years as a player.

Coach Keith Burkinshaw was promoted to manager at White Hart Lane. He immediately brought back Bill Nicholson as his chief advisor.

His first season in charge ended in relegation for Tottenham. Critics expected the sack for Burkinshaw. Instead he was handed a vote of confidence from the players and board of directors.

But there was another shock in store for Spurs fans. After 13 consecutive years at the club, Pat Jennings, three times Player of the Year, joined his former team-mate Willie Young at Arsenal in a

£60,000 close-season deal.

Said Pat at the time: "Tottenham are a great club and I couldn't help but leave with a tinge of sadness. Relegation last season was a disaster. But had the circumstances been right, I would have been willing to stay on. The prospect of the Second Division didn't frighten me in the least."

It didn't scare Pat's successor Barry Daines, either. . .or Glenn Hoddle, Colin Lee, Terry Naylor, Peter Taylor, Neil McNab, John Pratt. . .or skipper Steve Perryman.

"Manager Keith Burkinshaw has done a great job for the club," said Steve just before Christmas, 1977. "Now it's up to us to reward him by winning promotion at our first attempt. We are a First Division club in every way."

The name Tottenham Hotspur was once feared throughout England and Europe. It will be again!



ABOVE . . . Bill Nicholson leaves as Terry Neill chats with chairman Sidney Wale.

RIGHT . . . Martin Peters.

LEFT . . . Steve Perryman.

BELOW . . . Manager Keith Burkinshaw chats with Colin Lee, who joined Spurs from Torquay



We pick the young men who could help ensure that Scotland qualify for the country's third successive World Cup Finals.

1982



Real Madrid's Bernabeu Stadium, where the '82 World Cup Final will be played.

LOOKS LIKE BEING



Tony Fitzpatrick (above) of St. Mirren, Joe Craig (action) of Celtic and Arthur Albiston (right) of Manchester United could be Scotland stars of the future.

THE World Cup Finals are now a mere memory. The special skills, the spectacular goals, the memorable saves, the torrid action of Argentina are now in the past. It is now time to examine Scotland's prospects of appearing in the Finals in '82.

Scotland have been Britain's only representatives in the past two Finals, in West Germany and Argentina. Will they make it three in a row? Do they have the young talent coming through the ranks to replace the likes of Don Masson and Bruce Rioch, who may not be around by the time Spain is holding the Finals?

SHOOT has taken an in-depth look at the Scottish youngsters and the scene looks bright. Here are just some of the players who could mature into internationalists in time for '82.

Alan Rough will be 30 in three years' time. That's a good age for a goalkeeper, but he can still expect to be under pressure from Bill Thomson, another starlet introduced by Partick Thistle.

Thomson is a first class goalkeeper who is maturing all the time. Like Rough, he can be spectacular. In fact, Rough and Thomson have more than just Partick Thistle in common.

Thomson is big and blond, just like Rough. He moved into the Scottish under-21 side when Rough moved out of the under-23 side which was then scrapped. Thomson, ambitious and determined, now has his sights set firmly on the full international jersey and Rough knows he is in for a real fight.

Jim Stewart, George Wood and Jim Blyth are other capable Scots who will surely still be in the international reckoning in '82.

It is almost ridiculous to think of a Scottish side without the remarkable Danny McGrain, but it is possible then even the world's best right-back might be under pressure when the next World Cup Finals come on the scene.

Ipswich's talented George Burley could be the lad to eventually take over from McGrain. Like McGrain, he comes forward in exciting thrusts and he can finish them off with thunderous shooting or excellent crosses into the danger zone.

The left-back jersey could be made to measure for Manchester United's Edinburgh-born Arthur Albiston, who is certain to become a regular in the international team. He is an exceptionally competent young man who seems to be nerveless.

Remember when he was brought into United's first team for their English Cup Final against Liverpool two years ago? He took over from leg break victim Stewart Houston and he was reckoned to be the weak link. He made nonsense of that theory with his sharp tackling and

composed play and many soccer experts thought he was the Old Trafford club's star man.

And what about the midfield, so often a strong point of the Scottish with the likes of Riach, Masson, Gemmill, Souness, Macari and Masson challenging for places?

One young man who looks set for great things is Tony Fitzpatrick, who became the youngest skipper in the Premier League when he was only 20, with St. Mirren. Fitzpatrick plays in the same sort of style as that other great

Scot Billy Bremner, but, if anything, he has even more skill.

Celtic have a very talented twosome in Tommy Burns and Roy Aitken, who are already regulars in the Parkhead team. Both are extremely different in skills. Aitken is a real powerhouse, a great ball-winner and a man with an explosive shot.

Burns is a subtle player. His slight build flits around in the midfield as he picks up the ball and releases glorious long passes to his colleagues. He is a thinker, a youngster, blessed with

THEIR GREATEST YEAR!



ABOVE . . . Ipswich mid-fielder John Wark.
LEFT . . . Graham Payne, who has done exceptionally well with Dundee United.

BELOW . . . George Burley, also of Ipswich.



precision and perception.

John Wark of Ipswich, is another superb prospect. Ally MacLeod is glowing in his tributes of Wark. He says: "This boy has a tremendous future. He hasn't been very lucky with injuries, but I am convinced he will put all that behind him and make it to the very top."

"And what a shot he has! You can hear the boom when he connects. I wouldn't fancy being a goalkeeper with a player as John in the opposition. I would want danger money!"

Rangers' Bobby Russell dazzled everyone last year when he introduced his sparkling skills to the Ibrox side's midfield. Like his Celtic rival Burns, he relies on clever prompting from the middle of the park. Unlike Burns, he is a right-sided player. What a combination they would be with a ball-winner such as Wark beside them. Now there's an exciting prospect.

Getting back to the defence, it looks as though Gordon McQueen, no-nonsense centre-half of Manchester United, will still be around in three years' time, but he is likely to face a challenge from Bobby Reid, who also made his major breakthrough with St. Mirren, Gordon's former club.

Reid is brilliant in the air and mobile on the ground. Once he gains more experience he will be even more prolific in his defensive duties. And, like McQueen, he loves joining in with his attack where his ability in the air can often put pressure on the opponents.

Alan Hansen is coming along nicely with Liverpool after his £100,000 transfer from Partick Thistle two years' ago. He could play alongside Reid or McQueen. The versatile talents of Hansen will be invaluable to future Scottish teams.

Hansen can also be used in the midfield, but another young Scot who will be trying to break through in this department is Eamonn Bannon, who came to the fore two seasons ago with Hearts.

"Eamonn is a great, competitive player," says Hearts manager Willie Ormond, the former Scottish inter-

national boss. "He is a real worker and he can let fly with some ferocious shots from long range. Certainly one for the future."

Aberdeen's Gordon Strachan will also be bidding to display his talents on the international front. He is a confident, cocky type of player and his first goal for The Dons after his £75,000 plus deal from Dundee last year highlighted his ability.

There seemed no danger when he collected a pass in midfield about 35 yards out. Suddenly he jinked past one defender, then another. . . and then another. His route to goal was opened by his piece of soccer magic and goalkeeper Stewart Rennie didn't have a chance as he sent a blistering drive flying into the back of the net.

Chelsea's Ian Britton is another who could make the international breakthrough. The Dundee-born starlet has gained a lot of experience at Stamford Bridge and could be one to keep an eye on.

Another Chelsea attacker who might be in the reckoning if Scotland win their way to Spain is Steve Finnieston, known as "Jock" around Stamford Bridge for obvious reasons.

He is a clever raider who scored many valuable goals three seasons ago to help the London side out of the Second Division. He could also score those sort of goals in the international side.

Celtic's Joe Craig could be another challenger for a place leading the attack, so Joe Jordan and Andy Gray can beware!

And Nottingham Forest's flying left-winger John Robertson, Willie Johnston and Arthur Graham could get competition from Rangers' Davie Cooper.

Coventry's super Scot Ian Wallace will be eager to hold down a permanent place, too, and who is going to bet against this determined young man? He has the ability to score goals out of nothing and that's a commodity every country in the world requires urgently.

Dundee United could provide the skills of David Narey, in defence, and Paul Sturrock and Graeme Payne, in attack, while Ayr United have a rapidly maturing youngster in Ian McAllister, who can play in either defence or attack.

Joe McBride senior scored many valuable goals for his former club Celtic, but it is his son Joe, jnr., who could steal the goalscoring limelight with his

country. Young Joe had the opportunity to go to Parkhead, but he decided to try his luck in England and Everton are now grooming his special talents.

Another Everton Scot who could be pushing for a midfield place is Trevor Ross, who cost them £170,000 from Arsenal just over a year ago.

So, there you have just some of the Scottish youngsters who are determined to make sure their country keeps well to the fore on the international front. Others will join them by the time the next World Cup Finals come around. No wonder the Scots are getting excited at the prospect of Spain '82!



ABOVE, LEFT . . .

Gordon Strachan, who joined Aberdeen for around £75,000 from Dundee.

ABOVE RIGHT . . .

Celtic's Roy Aitken, a real powerhouse with an explosive shot.



RIGHT . . .

Following in the footsteps of Alan Rough-Partick Thistle's promising young keeper Billy Thomson.

BELOW . . .

Ian Wallace has made a big impact in England with Coventry City.



"WHAT was it like being managed by Celtic boss Jock Stein when he was in charge of the Scottish international team and you were a player with Rangers?" That's a question I have been asked countless times and my answer is: "Terrific!"

Jock Stein, known in the game as 'The Big Man' and shown below, is a superb manager and he has had his share of influence on my career. There have been many influences because I have played under the guidance of many bosses, but big Jock (below) was a bit special.

A great motivator, who could always get the best out of his players. He never asked you to do anything he thought your ability couldn't cope with. He is a manager who can blend great individual players with

man. He shocked me once when I was told to report to the ground before a League match with Airdrie.

I was just a teenager and had never been mentioned for a possible first team place. I thought he wanted me to clean the boots or something like that, but you can imagine my surprise when he handed me a jersey and told me I was actually playing.

I went out and scored a goal as we won, and afterwards I appreciated why the manager had left it to the last possible minute before telling me I was making my debut. I didn't have the opportunity to get nervous ... I didn't even have time to worry about what might go wrong.

When Mr. Symon (I could never call him "Scot") left, his place was taken by Davie White, but unfortunately his stay wasn't a lengthy one. He had his own ideas and some of them impressed me.

Willie Waddell, now our managing director at Ibrox, left journalism to come back to his former club and he, too, had his own particular ideas. In fact, he did a "Scot Symon" on Derek Johnstone before our League Cup Final against Celtic nine years ago.

Derek was only 16 at the time and had played a handful of first team games, but it looked as though an Old Firm game—and a Cup Final at that!—might be too much for him to cope with. The manager, though, had no fears. He shocked everyone by selecting Johnstone and, like something out of Roy of the Rovers, Derek went on to score the only goal of the game with a superb header.

Jock Wallace (below) took over when Mr. Waddell went "upstairs" and I've learned from him, too. He demands 100 per

TARTAN TALK
from Rangers
JOHN GREIG



what he calls "serviceable" players.

I remember we were playing Finland in a World Cup tie back in 1965—I've got a good memory, haven't I?—and my Ibrox team-mate Davy Wilson, now the manager of Dumbarton, was having a great game out on the left wing.

He hadn't played like that for Rangers for quite a while and it was no surprise when he scored a brilliant solo goal. I asked him about his performance later on and he told me: "I couldn't let The Big Man down, could I? He told me to go out there and turn on a Rangers performance and get a Rangers-type goal! I just had to do it."

It's a simple point, but it illustrates perfectly the shrewdness of Stein. He didn't waste a lot of words or time with Davy. He knew how to get him going and it worked.

And what about the other managers I have worked with? Well, when I first got into the Rangers team the boss at that time was Scot Symon, a quiet, knowledgeable



cent effort and we all know he won't stand for anything less than that.

On the international front, as well as Jock Stein, I have learned from John Prentice, Bobby Brown, Ian McColl and Willie Ormond. They have all had something different to offer and I think I have picked up some useful hints from them all.

Now what I want to do is some day be as successful as some of the managers I have listened to. If I can take a bit of each, and add some of my own ideas, then things might just work out. Wish me luck ...



John Greig

COLIN BELL CITY'S 'SAVIOUR'



Colin Bell's miraculous recovery from a serious knee injury saved Manchester City a £350,000 transfer fee for a new midfield player.

That's the opinion of City chairman Peter Swales, who says: "Colin came back at exactly the right time. I was thinking of boosting the squad but he saved us £350,000 by coming in and playing so well.

"I always encouraged him and always hoped he'd come back. But deep down, I must admit I thought he might not make it."

It was a clash with Martin Buchan in a League Cup-tie between the two Manchester clubs in November 1975 that began Bell's two years of misery.

At the time, he was a leading England player as well as a First Division star and at 27, he was reaching the pinnacle of his career.

But the injury was so bad that few people expected him to ever play serious soccer again. Even Bell admits: "It was so bad that if it had happened to any other footballer I know I would have written him off.

"But I never gave up trying to come back. And it did not enter my head I wouldn't make it. I couldn't imagine doing anything other than football."

The courage, which had always been a feature of Bell's forging midfield game, was his saviour off the field as he fought an injury that would have ended the career of most other players.

Several times he got himself almost to the point of match fitness, only to suffer another setback. But last Boxing Day, he finally stepped out for City in a first team match again, coming on as substitute against Newcastle.

It seemed City's League side had missed him as much as he'd missed them. His return gave them such a boost that they went until almost the end of January before they suffered another defeat when they went down 0-1 at Arsenal in the League Cup Quarter-Finals.

The long-striding run which used to be such a feature of his game and earned him the nickname Nijinsky, has now gone. But he doesn't think it means he's a less-effective player.

No More Caps

"In many ways, I'm a better player, and just because you're not out on the field every week, doesn't mean you're not gaining experience. I learned a lot just from watching games during my lay-off.

"I admit I'm not as quick as I was and in the first few games I found it difficult to adjust to the pace. I'm more aware of situations now and better at anticipating what's going to happen.

"I'm still only 29 so I reckon I've got three or four good years left."

Bell has adapted to a much more thoughtful role in midfield, and the effect has been noticed both in the results and the performances of his fellow players.

City winger Peter Barnes says: "Colin has helped me a great deal, giving me advice about when to release the ball and what to do in certain situations.

"Playing alongside him has been an invaluable experience and the team itself has noticed the difference. He's always there to receive the ball and slow things down when the game needs it."

Although he's delighted to have a career at all, it's sad for Bell to think that he won't be able to add to his 48 England caps. Until the injury he was an automatic choice, but he's realistic enough to realise that international football is now a thing of the past for him.

"I never really thought about getting back into the England team because even if they'd qualified for the 1978 World Cup Finals, they would have settled their squad before I was ready to return.

"Now they are rebuilding for the 1982 World Cup so I don't expect to win any more caps. I'll just concentrate on helping City to win honours."

SOCCER THEN- SOCCER NOW!

The football supporter of the 1970's would have many a chuckle if they could have seen their counterparts at the turn of the century. Not only the fans, but players, managers, trainers, kit and basic football equipment have all seen drastic changes since the game took such a firm grip on our way of life.

supporters

The major police operation needed these days to control a large crowd would have been treated as a huge joke by the local constabulary at the turn of the century.

Now over 100 policemen are needed for a First Division match. In those far off days half a dozen constables and a sergeant were enough. Then the main problem for the police was to keep walking to avoid obstructing the fans' view.

But don't run away with the idea that crowd violence is a product of recent times.

In January, 1888, police could not control the crowd at an Aston Villa v Preston F.A. Cup match and the army was called in!

Of course, the few pence our grandfathers paid to see the soccer stars of the day would not even buy a programme today. Now on average it is a £1 a head for admission and the match programme

that once cost an old penny or so has increased in price to 15p or 20p.

Are the supporters getting better value for money now? On the whole the answer must be no. The majority still have to stand on rain-swept terraces and with toilets that need no notices to advertise their locality.

Refreshment bars at grounds have yet to find themselves in 'Good Food Guides'.

At most grounds supporters have to put up with well-stewed tea splashed out into plastic cups, and half-cooked hot-dogs.

While programmes are now in full colour and printed on gloss paper, the majority have not increased their content of interesting reading matter.

Big clubs have built large impressive stands, some have restaurants where the food is excellent. But the cost of such meals and match-seats is still beyond the pocket of many supporters.



Large soccer crowds such as the one above, now need many police to control them. Below are seen mounted police on the Chelsea pitch at Stamford Bridge.



players

One argument that will last as long as a football is kicked will never be settled. Is football better today than it was years ago?

Both sides have good cases to present. But the older supporters have more cause to believe they are right. They have seen the past and present stars. Whereas the younger element can only base their argument on the performances of modern super-fit footballers.

Brilliant ball-players of the past like Billy Meredith, Alex James and Stanley Matthews could well look today like shire horses lined up in an Epsom Derby field. But their skill would evoke envy from their modern counterparts.

Wages have changed with the times, too. The maximum wage rule for the Football League came in force in 1901 when the limit was fixed at £4 a week.

By 1920 it was £9 a week. The last fixed wage was £20 a week from 1958 until 1960 when the abolition of the maximum saw the beginning of the wage spiral that now sees wages of £400 a week plus bonuses being paid to top stars.

This does sometimes affect team spirit. A famous pre-War player, still in very close touch with the game as

a football journalist, told *SHOOT* this year: "In my day, if we gave away a silly goal, we used to argue like hell about it, blame the player concerned and sort it out there and then."

"But then we got changed and used to go around to one of the players' homes and play cards and be the best of friends."

"After a game nowadays, players get changed, climb into their cars and go their various ways, some to pursue

business interests. They will not meet their colleagues again until the next training session."

"In such a close-knit community as a football club I am sure it has an effect on team-spirit."

"I very much doubt if they enjoy the game now as much as we used to. We all knew we were getting the same wage as the next man—and I am sure the difference in wages is one of the big problems in football today."



Stanley Matthews (above) and Scotland's Alex James (above right).



managers

One of the biggest changes to take place in football is in the role of the manager. Those lovely old prints that show the manager, bowler hat firmly fixed on his head, a watch-chain on his bulging waistcoat, a haughty look on his face, give an indication of his status and power.

Then the manager picked his side, stuck it on the dressing-room door and hoped he did not get his shiny boots dirty. No star would dare ask him for a transfer if he was dropped!

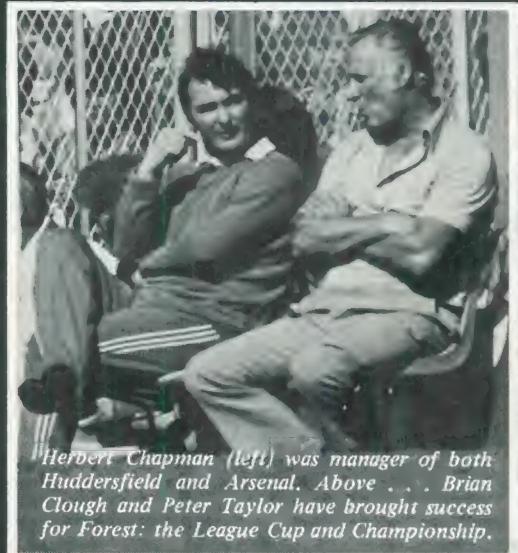
Of course, they were shrewd men, they knew a good footballer when they saw one. Youngsters were then thrilled just to have the chance of playing for their local professional club.

Notice the contrast now. The manager of today is usually seen in a track-suit, he looks as fit as his players and often spends hours before and after training sitting at his desk dealing with the paper work that goes with the running of a football club.

Today's manager not only has players to deal with. Players' agents and parents of young starlets play a major part in transfers and terms.

A job with many demands—and a precarious one, too.

At the turn of the century, the manager of the club either retired or died of old age. These days the tension



Herbert Chapman (left) was manager of both Huddersfield and Arsenal. Above . . . Brian Clough and Peter Taylor have brought success for Forest: the League Cup and Championship.

of being a manager can be judged by the fact that since the end of World War Two, the figure of 1,000 managerial changes had taken place by early in 1978.

The long-serving manager with one club is now few and far between.

A manager's story that has been passed down through the years as true is the one we like best.

It was before the days when a telephone became a vital piece of equipment

for managers. A policeman knocked on the door of this manager in the middle of the night to tell him that his club's main stand was on fire. "Is it a bad fire?" asked the manager. The constable said it was. "Thank goodness for that," replied the manager who quickly got dressed, picked up the club's account books, rushed to the ground and threw them into the flames.

There aren't managers around like him anymore!

trainers & coaches

The training of today's professional footballers is in the hands of qualified coaches. The top coach of today is in as much demand as the top manager.

The British Isles are one of the few remaining soccer strongholds in the world where clubs invariably have a manager and coach. In most European countries, such as those in South America, the coach is the man who runs the team.

It is a far cry from a common scene at football grounds long ago. Then the trainer used to supervise his players as they ran endless miles around the edge of the pitch and finished up with a few press-ups.

Then there were no dossiers on the opposing players for the coming match, and no-one travelled hundreds of miles to study the opposition and advise on the tactics to be used.

Match day saw the flat-capped trainer, usually a former player, carefully place the enamel bucketful of water on the touchline.

The mere sight of a sponge dipped into that bucket on an icy day was enough for any injured player to struggle to his feet and carry on playing.

Nowadays, the trainer has been replaced by a qualified physiotherapist, whose well-stocked medical case can

allow him to deal first aid to most football injuries. The pain-killing spray has generally replaced the cold water, although the magic sponge is still in use.

The treatment room at a ground now would do credit to a casualty department at a hospital. The physio is as important as the biggest star player at the club.



Arsenal's Don Howe is one of the finest modern coaches. Above . . . A pre-War

Our favourite story is of the day a player got his own back on a trainer—even if it was not intentional.

It was a freezing day in 1947 at The Valley, home of Charlton Athletic, with the snow piled up around the pitch. The visiting Blackburn Rovers goalkeeper picked up the ball, went to the edge of his penalty area and kicked upfield. Up and away the ball went—to drop straight into the trainer's bucket—with the iced water drenching the poor trainer.

Revenge is very sweet sometimes.



trainer attends to players.

kit & equipment

Football kit like other fashions has changed with the times. In the 1880's, this is how your favourite team would run on to the field.

Long-sleeved jerseys, laced up at the neck. Trousers, not shorts, tucked into stockings that came up over the knees. And then the boots: heavy, built to last ones that an army could have marched across Europe in.

Imagine those boots, caked with mud, and you can guess the weight the soccer heroes of yesterday carried around.

Ask your father about the ball that until quite recent times was laced after being pumped up. Many a cut eyebrow and forehead was caused by the lace as the ball was headed.

The goals themselves were built to last. Big square wooden posts that looked like upright railway sleepers. In the days when goalkeepers were legally barged into their goals by big opposing forwards, many were softened up first by being bounced into one of his own uprights.

Now the player is equipped for speed. His boots are light—but give little protection, particularly to ankles—and different studs can be screwed in to suit the state of the ground.

Trousers were finally replaced by shorts that were knee-length. Now they are as short as possible.

Below . . . Action around a goal in the 1887 F.A. Cup Final.



Shirts have changed, too. Collars have almost disappeared and alas so have many of the original colours that teams used when they were formed.

Now the badges and insignia of the manufacturer seems to mean more than a team's proud tradition.

But regardless of the kit worn, accidents happen. A Burnley striker who once ran at the Millwall goal still blushes to this day.

His run took him past the goal and his long shorts caught on the wooden barrier around the Millwall pitch and the poor forward parted company with his nether garment!

Cold Blow Lane is no place to be without that very vital piece of kit! Below bottom . . . A well-dressed side of 1872!



When George Wood almost quit football

To see George Wood, the Everton goalkeeper, as he arrives at the club's ultra modern training ground each morning, you'd never guess that a few years ago he was on the verge of quitting the game.

As a big-name star with one of Britain's top clubs, Wood rightly earns a good salary.

Yet when he first came into professional soccer, he was so hard-up he had to take an extra job to make ends meet!

He says: "Most people only see the glamour side of the game. For players lower down the scale things are vastly different.

"When I was about 20, I was just making a name for myself at Blackpool. I wasn't in the first-team and my wages were so bad I did bricklaying in the afternoons to earn some extra cash.

"As much as I loved football, I had to live—and although Blackpool paid me what they could, it simply wasn't enough.

"In fact, matters got so bad at one point I cleared off home to Scotland for a week. Looking back, I'm glad the club didn't punish me too severely by giving me my cards. Yet it is an indication of how I felt at the time."

Wood couldn't get regular games in goal for 'Pool and even turned out in attack for the reserves.

Then, John Burridge joined Aston Villa and Wood took the chance to establish himself as the Bloomfield Road 'keeper.

Wood quietly but efficiently made a name for himself in the Second Division and played around 120 League games for The Tangerines before joining Everton for £150,000 in the early weeks of 1977/78.

"One of the first lessons I learnt in Division One was to take my eye off the

ball occasionally. I had to be more aware of what was happening around me. First Division players move so quickly that a goalkeeper must always be on his guard.

"I also started to talk to my defenders a lot more, organising things at the back."

One of Wood's biggest heroes is Ray Clemence—goalkeeper of neighbours and deadly rivals Liverpool.

"I admire his concentration. He doesn't relax even for a second.

"People think Ray has an easy job playing behind a defence as strong as Liverpool's. It can work against him, though.

"It means he is often inactive for long spells. Yet when he IS called upon, he's always alert.

"I've seen him save a lot of break-away goals through being totally professional.

"However, as good as Ray is I have to admit Pat Jennings is the number one for me. The way he dominates his area is incredible.

"Every time he comes out for a cross, you think 'Pat'll get that'. It's this sort of confidence he inspires that makes him one of the all-time greats in my book.

"Handling crosses is, possibly, the hardest task for a goalkeeper, yet Pat never seems to make a mistake."



'ANFIELD awe-inspiring'



RAY CLEMENCE
talking soccer

Back in 1967, when I learnt I was to be transferred from Scunthorpe United to Liverpool, I felt like a little-known showbiz performer plucked from his local music hall to appear at the London Palladium.

The contrast was mind-bending for a young goalkeeper accustomed to the small crowds and limited facilities at Third and Fourth Division grounds, and destined to play at Anfield, a place which figured so large in Britain's football lore, where so many great players had starred and so many historic games had been staged.

I'll never forget my first sight of Liverpool's home: the back of the Kop. It was awe-inspiring, massive.

I was in a car with the Chairman of Scunthorpe, to finalise my transfer to Liverpool as successor, providing I lived up to my potential, to the then-keeper Tommy Lawrence.

As we drove into a long, large car

THE KOP - these marvellous Liverpool fans prepare to cheer their heroes in traditional style.



Park. I saw the main stand which is even more impressive now, since successive improvements. In fact, it has been modernised and enlarged almost out of recognition.

In those days the offices, as at many other top clubs, were cramped and antiquated. Likewise, the dressing-rooms and dining-room. The dining-room could not accommodate all the playing staff, and there was one sitting for the first team and reserves, followed by a second for the "A" team and apprentices.

Now the dressing-rooms are twice their former size, able to hold comfortably 18 people each, an essential

when we're involved in playing a European club. Sixteen players and two trainers have to strip down and change.

The single plunge bath has been replaced by two, and four showers.

There are rooms for the referee and linesmen; a treatment room with four tables and an assortment of complex devices, such as a sonic machine, that makes the place look like something out of "Dr Who"; and offices for our manager, youth development officer, and chief scout.

Along from them is the new, enlarged restaurant, adjacent to the players' lounge where our families and friends congregate before and after matches.

The lounge is very tastefully decorated, with armchairs and settees scattered around, a colour TV to show recordings of our games, and a bar which serves an assortment of drinks.

Upstairs lie the administration offices, where secretary Peter Robinson and his staff deal with such things as general expenses, ticket sales and travel arrangements for matches.

In the big general office is a computer fascinating to watch in action on match days at home. Connected to all turnstiles, it records every person entering the ground at each separate point and is invaluable particularly in the matter of crowd control.



The large room holding directors and their guests is decorated with cabinets containing presents from European clubs we have met over the years: cut glass from East Germany; capo di monte figures from Italy and several silver salvers in traditional designs. There are also mementoes of Liverpool players, past and present. Such as the international caps of Billy Liddell, Roger Hunt and John Toshack.

On match days pride of place is taken by a display of the most recent trophies held by the club.

At the far end of the main stand is a luxurious executive suite for shareholders and sponsors. When a match is

sponsored, the company concerned lay on a buffet lunch beforehand for themselves and guests. This realises valuable money for the club, and helps maintain Liverpool in a healthy financial state.

Another money-raiser is the souvenir shop built on to the back of the Kop where fans can purchase all kinds of goods from pennants to kit-bags.

But Anfield is not just bricks and mortar, the people who work there continue to give it its unique atmosphere of warmth and dedication to a marvellous tradition.

Most well-known, of course, is Bob Paisley, a former half-back with the club who became righthand man to that

shrewd, loveable showman who signed me, the one and only Bill Shankly. Bob, in contrast to Shanks a retiring, quiet man, continued where his predecessor left off and brought even greater glory to Anfield in the shape of the European Cup, for the first time, in 1977.

Next in the line-of-command is Joe Fagan, who has worked his way up to chief coach from reserve team trainer when I first arrived. A testimony to Joe's standing in the game was his being voted "Europe's top coach" by the Continent's leading football-writers.

Joe's assistant, Ronnie Moran, is another "backroom boy" graduate from the playing side. Ronnie played in



the 1960's, and made the transition just before I joined the club.

Roy Evans, our reserve team trainer and my best friend at the club, has steered his team through a succession of Central League Championships and has fully justified the Chairman's faith in him in the role. Because Roy's chances of first team football were limited, Mr. Smith asked him to take charge of the reserve team and Roy has never regretted the decision to accept.

Our Youth Development officer, Tom Saunders, looks after the apprentices and schoolboys, ensuring they learn a trade or profession which they can follow after their playing days are over or if they fail to make the grade in the game.

Through Tom's hands have come established first teamers such as Davey Fairclough and Phil Thompson.

Our "A" and "B" trainer—or "spongeman" as he is often called—is John Benison.

Reuben Bennett—who was Shanks' number one once—now watches English clubs due to play against us, and reports on them to Bob Paisley.

Tom Saunders runs the rule over Continental opposition.

Chief scout is Geoff Twentyman, another former Reds player.

Last but by no means least, the secretary Peter Robinson, a great organiser, who liaises closely with Mr. Smith and Bob.

It's Peter I have to thank for my transfer. For his previous post was at Scunthorpe United, also my former club,

Davey Fairclough scores the winner in one of Ray's most memorable matches. The goal sent Liverpool into the Semi-Finals of the 1977 European Cup. (Below) The daunting sign that greets visiting teams.

(Below) Another moment Ray will never forget: when former manager Billy Shankly signed him for the Anfield club. Ray has tremendous respect and affection for Shanks, one of the most colourful characters in soccer.





Ray's former Liverpool team-mate Kevin Keegan poses in the empty Kop, which at one time held 26,000 fanatical fans. Now the capacity has been cut. Inset: an interesting plaque that holds pride of place in the foyer of the main stand.



and in response to a telephone tip from a local reporter he told Shanks I was a likely lad to watch.

Now to continue my tour of Anfield. The main stand contains our longest-serving season ticket holders, as well as the directors' box, Press box, and the gantry for the television cameras. In front of the banked seats is a paddock for standing spectators.

Opposite is the Kemlyn Road stand, a cantilevered, all-seats affair. Fans in the front often get wet when it rains, but have the consolation of being nearer the action than those in the same position in the main stand.

Fans often complain they suffer from cramped leg-room, which they have christened "Kemlyn Road knee-cap".

At the Anfield Road end is all-standing accommodation. Plans to build seats at the top of this enclosure have had to be shelved because of complaints from local residents that an addition would rob them of light.

Last but by no means least, the famous Kop, at the other end, where the most die-hard fans congregate. At one time as many as 26,000 have been crammed in there, but successive cuts for safety reasons have reduced the capacity to less than 20,000.

In full song, with their red-and-white scarves and flags waving, Kopites are an inspiring sight to us—and a frightening one to the opposition.

I swear that every one of them made the trek to Rome in 1977 to cheer us on to winning the European Cup Final.

Many sold their dearest possessions to finance the trip. For weeks before-

hand the local newspaper, the Liverpool Echo, was full of adverts for televisions, washing machines and cameras at bargain prices.

The humour of Kopites is legendary. Some is rehearsed, but most spontaneous. I'll never forget them breaking out into a chorus of "Careless Hands" when Gary Sprake, in goal for Leeds, unfortunately threw the ball into his own net.

The pitch itself, sand-slotted to improve drainage around five years ago, is now amongst the best in the country. And probably the most hallowed. Some fans regard it as so sacred they leave instructions in their wills for their ashes to be scattered on it, often in the goal-mouth at the Kop end.

I sometimes wonder whether the ghosts of past fans have helped me make saves there!

I've played in many memorable games on the Anfield grass, and the two that most stand out are the local derby v. Everton in 1971, which we won 3-2 after being two goals down—and the one in which we knocked out St. Etienne 3-1 in the second-leg of the Quarter-Finals of the European Cup in 1977.

Our fans went into such rapture after Davey Fairclough scored the vital final goal I thought the noise and vibration would shake the stands down.

But Anfield survived, as it had in the past, and will in the future, as Liverpool marches on to collect more honours in a soccer stadium that for sheer atmosphere alone is second-to-none.

Ray Clemence

MARK WALLINGTON (Leicester City)





**LEIGHTON
PHILLIPS**
**(Aston Villa
and Wales)**

UP
FOR TA
CUP

CUP FINAL FUNNIES'

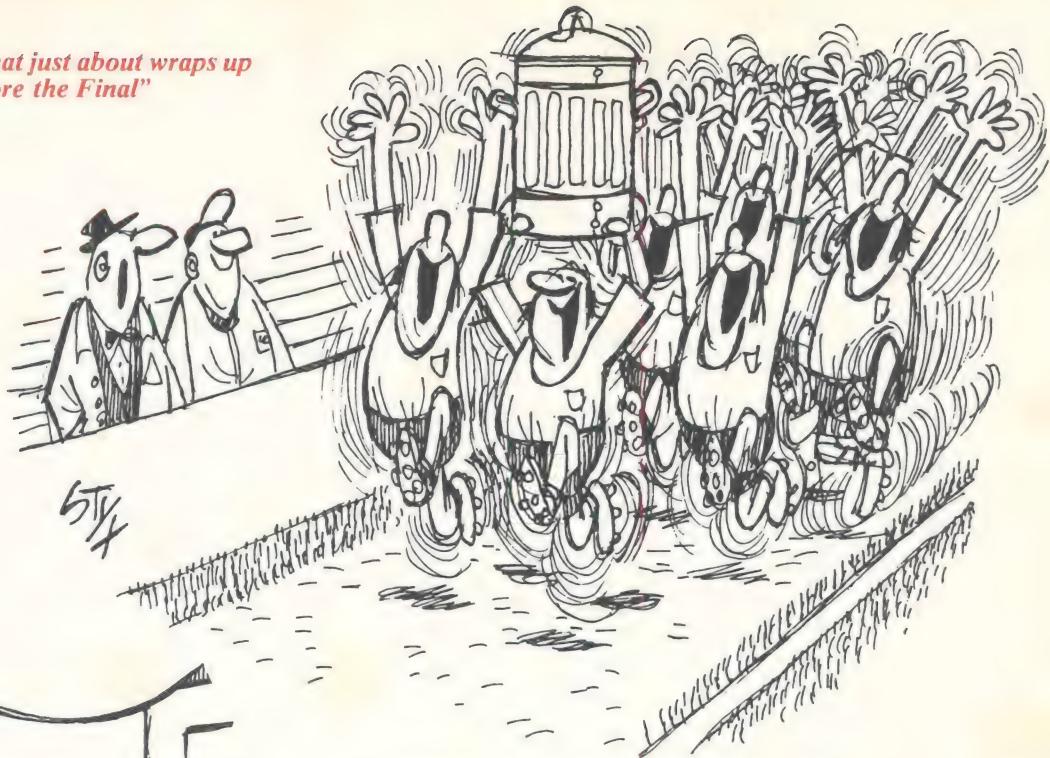


How things look to a
penalty-taker with half a
minute to go and no goals
scored.



"Quick, Joe - The Queen
isn't looking. Give him an
ankle tap"

"Well, coach - that just about wraps up our training before the Final"



"We were doing the lap of honour with the Cup, when this 'ere twit goes and sticks it on his head"



"Talk about rotten luck. I won a ticket in a raffle for the Cup Final - and this happens"



GO FOR THE DOUBLE ANSWERS

ACROSS: (1) Painted. (5) Lorimer. (10) Use. (11) Axis. (13) Baths. (15) St. (16) Lane. (17) Attack. (19) Ted. (20) Clough. (21) Evert. (22) Clover. (24) Fair. (26) Ape. (27) Noon. (28) Magic. (31) Sip. (34) Treble. (35) Dalglish. (38) Ta. (39) Emlyn Hughes. (43) Pal. (44) In. (45) So. (46) Ill. (47) Time. (50) Aston Villa. (52) Met. (53) Up. (54) Dundee United.

DOWN: (1) Public. (2) Asa. (3) Net. (4) Eastoe.

(5) Latchford. (6) Ox. (7) Rix. (8) Is. (9) Evening. (12) Celtic. (14) Hulme. (15) Sag. (16) Lev. (18) Turn. (19) Term. (20) Coppel. (23) Lair. (25) An. (29) Atala. (30) Install. (31) Street. (32) Flynn. (33) Blue. (36) Holland. (37) Fuss. (40) Yield. (41) Got. (42) Sevens. (43) Pilot. (48) Imp. (49) Me. (50) Awn. (51) One.

Club Name: LEICESTER CITY.

Player's Name: STUART PEARSON.

The King's farewell

When Pele said goodbye to soccer

It was a spectacle fit for a King... which, really, is precisely what Pele was. The King of Soccer. Never has there been a player quite like the magical Brazilian and, probably, there never will again. After a glorious career spanning 21 years, Pele decided to retire in the autumn of last year a few weeks after helping Cosmos to become Champions of North America. His job in the United States was done. Pele had helped make soccer into a multimillion dollar concern and his team, the Cosmos, were the best. The Brazil star's farewell game

was, fittingly against Santos, his first and only other club. Pele played the first-half for the Cosmos before being "handed back" to Brazil and pulling on his famous Number 10 shirt for Santos for the last time. There were personalities galore in the Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, from the world of sport and show-biz. It was a tearful occasion for Pele—a truly outstanding sportsman and soccer statesman. Here's a colourful reminder of the day Pele hung up his magical boots. A great tribute to a great player.

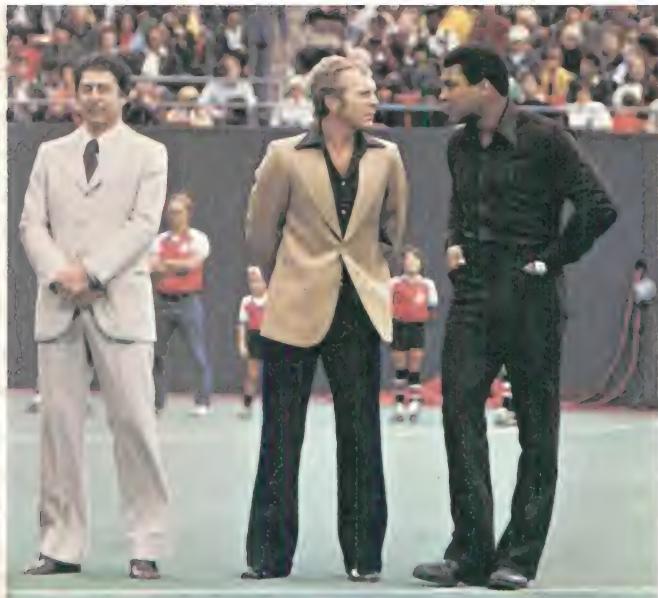


ABOVE... World Cup-winning captains now Cosmos team-mates: Franz Beckenbauer and Carlos Alberto. On the right, Bobby Moore chats away with another personality who also likes to be called The Greatest—Muhammad Ali. In the centre, two Brazilians—Bellini and Maws—who captained World Cup winning sides, in 1958 and 1962 respectively.

RIGHT... Pele gets a friendly pat from Giorgio Chinaglia.

FAR RIGHT... Pele thanks the fans and everyone who has helped him.
BELOW... Goodbye Pele...





Story of a Star



PETER SHILTON

RIGHT . . . Peter Shilton performed so well when he replaced England goalkeeper Gordon Banks (right) that Leicester City were in the enviable position of having two top-class goalkeepers. Banks was eventually sold to Stoke City for around £50,000.

BELOW . . . A Shilton-inspired Leicester reached the 1969 F.A. Cup Final despite being relegated from the First Division the same season. They were a little unlucky to lose 1-0 in the Final to Manchester City from a Neil Young goal in the first-half.



Shilton safely gathers the ball during his early days at Leicester City. Peter made his first team debut in May, 1966, while he was still an apprentice and just 16-years-old.



ABOVE... The clever Leicester-born goalkeeper eventually made his England international debut against East Germany at Wembley in November, 1970. It was a happy first appearance for him as England won 3-1.

ABOVE, RIGHT... Shilton dives to his left to perform a great save from Scotland's Peter Lorimer during the British Championship game in 1973. Peter's heroics enabled England to win 1-0.



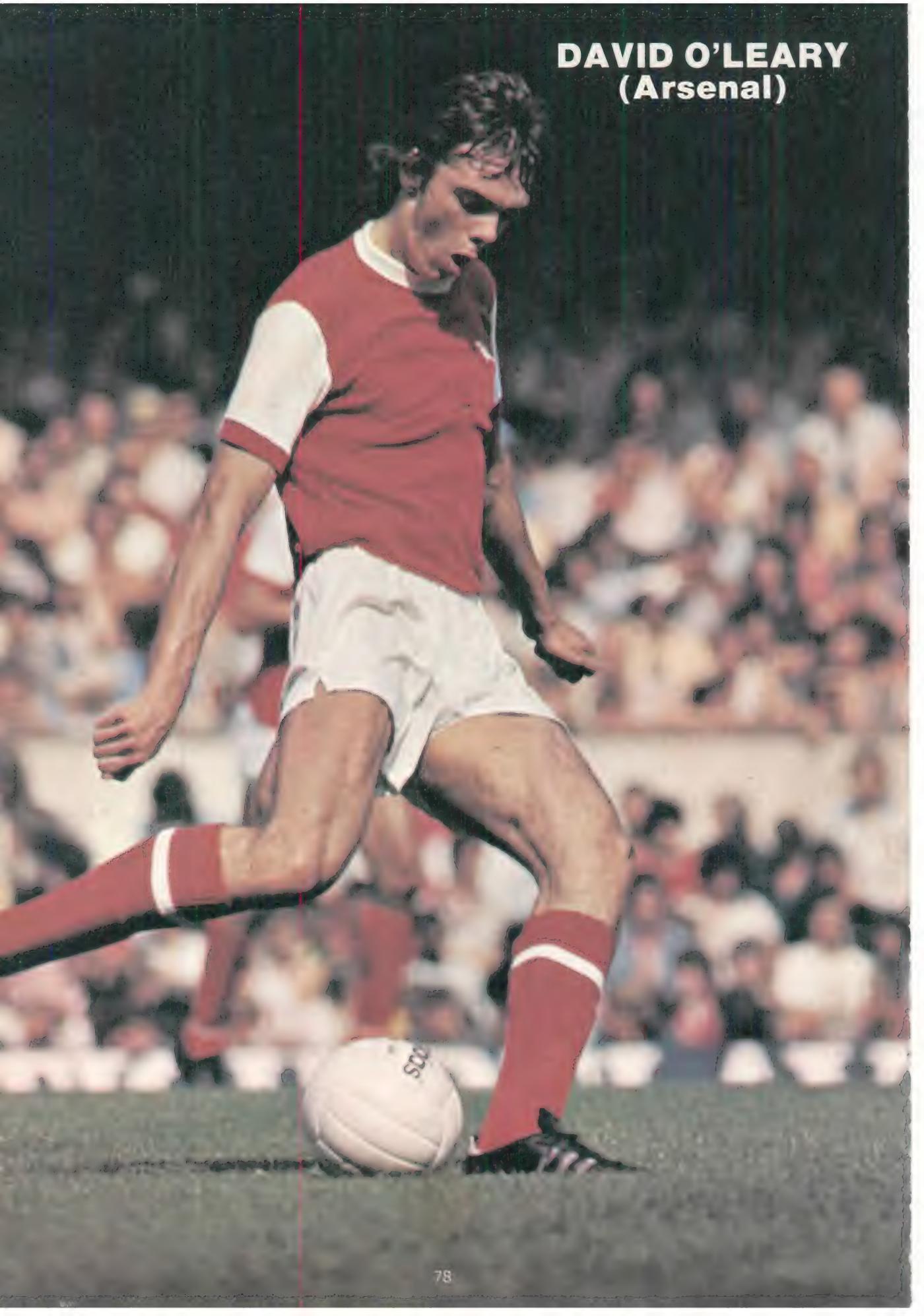
RIGHT... Amazingly, Shilton again followed in Gordon Banks's shoes when in November, 1974, Stoke paid a massive £325,000 for him. Banks was forced to retire from the game because of injuries sustained following a car accident.



ABOVE... Shilton (third from right) with his new team-mates shortly after joining Nottingham Forest for another large fee - £275,000 in September, 1977.

RIGHT... In action for Forest against Queen's Park Rangers. Shilton helped the City Ground club to a very successful 1977-78 season.





DAVID O'LEARY
(Arsenal)



BOB LATCHFORD
(Everton)

When Billy stunned Celtic

Parkhead was stunned into silence.

The goal had left the Celtic fans breathless and the defenders wondering what had hit them.

They were drawing 1-1 on their home ground with Premier League newcomers St. Mirren when midfield man Billy Stark decided to treat the Celtic supporters to an unwanted piece of soccer magic. Those fans would

have been quite happy if Stark hadn't bothered with his one-man show.

Stark got the ball about 35 yards out and moved forward. It looked as though he would lay off a pass to his right, but he decided to take the shortest route to goal.

He swept past a tackle from Johannes Edvaldsson, turned away from another one by Frank Munro. Roddie MacDonald

blocked his way, but he wriggled away from him, too, and as goalkeeper Peter Latchford came off his line, Stark fired an unstoppable low shot away from him into the net.

It was the winning goal...and one fit to win any game.

"Yes, that wasn't a bad goal", says the modest Stark. "Actually, I'll let you into a little secret. It gave me particular pleasure for I have always had a soft spot for Rangers.

"I'm not saying I try that bit harder against Celtic, but it was good to see that shot going in. It was also particularly pleasing because it brought both points to Love Street and in the so-competitive Premier League every point is a prisoner that must not be lost."

Just to prove that Stark isn't biased he also scored a superb goal against Rangers at Ibrox last year. The Saints were trailing to a Derek Johnstone goal when Stark sent Frank McGarvey away on the right.

McGarvey hit the ball low and hard across from the wing and there was Stark galloping in to first-time a vicious shot low away from the stranded Stewart Kennedy.

Speculation

"Unfortunately, we didn't get any points that day," says Stark. "Rangers picked up both points with a penalty from Alex Miller. I thought we deserved at least a draw."

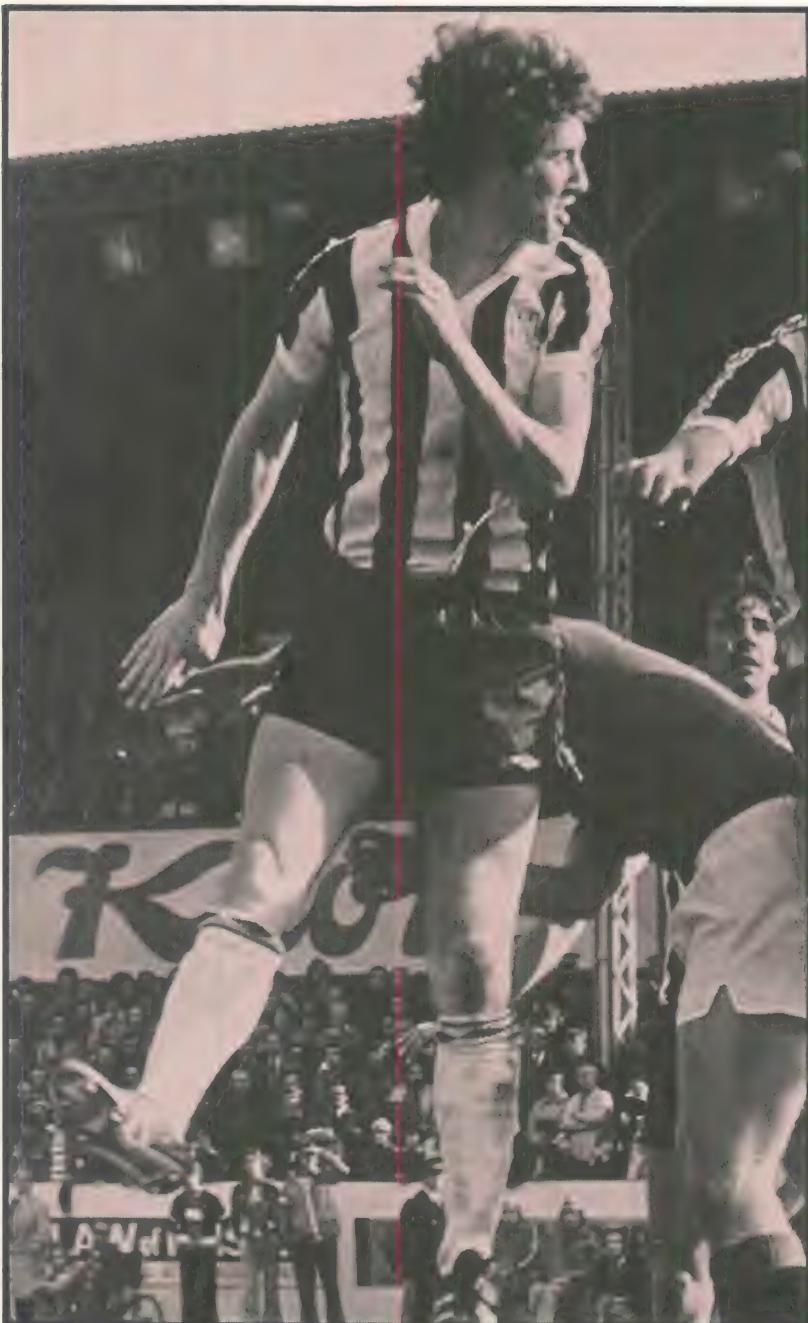
Stark is a thorough professional. When St. Mirren first got into the Top Ten there was always transfer speculation about which player was ready to leave the club for a huge fee.

Tony Fitzpatrick, Frank McGarvey and Bobby Reid appeared to be the prime targets, but Stark never let all the transfer buzz go to his head. He kept working at his game, developing his skills and fighting all the way for St. Mirren.

"Billy is just one of many good players I have at Love Street," says manager Jim Clunie. "We are a young team, but we are growing old in experience. Stark is still a youngster, but he seems to have been around for ages!"

"We put the emphasis on youth here and it's paying a dividend. Obviously we can't compete with the likes of Rangers and Celtic in the big transfer market, but we can compete when it comes to signing schoolboys."

"They know they will get a chance with St. Mirren and that's why some really good youngsters come to Love Street. Long may that trend continue!"



SCOTLAND ‘BRITAIN’S BEST’

1978 World Cup qualifying tie

WALES (0) 0 v. SCOTLAND (0) 2 at Anfield

TO THE wild delight of their supporters in the 50,850 Anfield crowd, Scotland won the battle of the Celts to surge into the 1978 World Cup Finals as Britain's sole representatives for the second successive time.

But the fire of the brave Welsh dragons blazed for a long while afterwards because of the controversy of the late, disputed penalty decision by referee Wurtz.

At first it appeared a Welsh fist had punched the ball away following a throw-in from Willie Johnston.

But later a television slow motion replay suggested that Scotland's Joe Jordan could have been the culprit—although he fiercely denied it.

Whoever was responsible, it was still a pity such a sad incident should have helped to decide the outcome of one of the most passionate matches in World Cup history.

Don Masson's converted penalty-kick was greeted by "We're going to Argentina" by the jubilant Tartan Army

packed on the terraces.

A superb goal by Kenny Dalglish three minutes from the end made certain of that, but it had been Wales—a team half composed of players from outside the First Division—who had played the more constructive football, and created the better chances.

Although hard-hit by injuries, the gallant Welsh exposed Scotland's deficiencies in defence, particularly John Mahoney and the penetrating left-wing dashes of Wrexham's Mike Thomas.

Terry Yorath was an inspiring captain and Leighton Phillips a commanding centre-back.

Scotland's stars were Lou Macari, Asa Hartford and goalkeeper Alan Rough, who made several splendid saves. One, at full stretch to finger-tip a John Toshack lob on to the bar, was world class.

Scotland began as though they were going to over-run the Welsh Three



corners in the first 70 seconds had them reeling.

But gradually, Phillips and Norwich City's fine young full-back David Jones, stifled the threat of Dalglish and Jordan.

Then Wales surged forward themselves and Rough came to the rescue with saves from Toshack, Thomas and

The captains shake hands... Don Masson and Terry Yorath before the game.



After-match comments

Scotland manager Ally MacLeod 'It was a battle royal. It couldn't be any tougher to win the World Cup. As for the controversial penalty decision . . . it was definitely a spot-kick. I saw a hand go up and handle the ball. My players at once leapt for joy—the Welsh heads dropped'

Wales manager Mike Smith 'We were lucky to survive early pressure but came back very well and went so close when Toshack hit the bar. Good luck to Scotland in Argentina. The crucial late penalty? There is

some disagreement among my players as to why the kick was given. It's tragic the game had to swing on a penalty.'

Joe Jordan—Scotland
'Someone suggested it was me who handled the ball. If I did touch it I didn't know anything about it.'

John Toshack—Wales
'I headed the ball. If I did touch it Joe Jordan handled it, not our David Jones. It was a diabolical decision.'

Kenny Dalglish's great headed goal seals the tie for Scotland.

Joe Jordan climbs above Dai Davies.

Peter Sayer.

It should have been a home match for Wales, but the delirious fans from North of the border had turned Anfield into Hampden. Merseyside definitely belonged to Scotland.

This exciting clash was finally decided in the 78th minute when the referee gave the penalty for the handball incident.

When the pandemonium ceased Don Masson calmly converted the most vital spot-kick of his career.

Three minutes from the end Lou Macari's pass sent Martin Buchan, a second-half substitute for Sandy Jardine, along the right-wing.

His centre was met perfectly by Dalglish whose glancing header sailed past 'keeper Davies.

So in the end, despite a fine Welsh performance, Scotland had again proved to be Britain's best.

Don Masson coolly converts the controversial penalty.



The Teams

WALES

Davies (Wrexham); Thomas (Derby), Jones (Norwich), Phillips (Aston Villa), Jones (Liverpool), Mahoney (Middlesbrough), Yorath (Coventry—Captain), Flynn (Burnley), Sayer (Cardiff), Toshack (Liverpool), Thomas (Wrexham).

SCOTLAND

Rough (Partick Thistle), Jardine (Rangers), Forsyth (Rangers), McQueen (Leeds), Donachie (Manchester City), Macari (Manchester United), Masson (Q.P.R.—Captain), Hartford (Man. City), Dalglish (Liverpool), Jordan (Leeds), Johnston (West Brom).

Referee: Mr. Robert Wurtz (France)

continued overleaf

Match stats

The last time Wales defeated Scotland was in 1964 when they won 3-2 at Ninian Park.

Before the World Cup at Anfield the two nations had played 91 times, Scotland winning 55, Wales 15 with 21 drawn. Goals were Scotland 228, Wales 102.

The last time Wales reached the World Cup Finals was in 1958 in Sweden when Brazil knocked them out of the last eight.

In consecutive seasons, the 35 year-old referee Robert Wurtz had taken control of European Finals. . in 1976 the Cup-Winners' Cup Final, Anderlecht v. West Ham; and in 1977 the European Cup Final Liverpool v. Borussia Moenchengladbach.

The match was Kenny Dalglish's 50th full appearance for Scotland. He capped the occasion by scoring his 18th international goal.

Group seven table

How it looked after the match

	P	W	D	L	F.	A.	pts.
Scotland	4	3	0	1	6	3	6
Wales	3	1	0	2	3	3	2
Czechoslovakia	3	1	0	2	3	6	2

Result of remaining match on November 16th, 1977, was: Czechoslovakia 1, Wales 0.

Why Anfield?

Because government safety regulations had drastically reduced the capacity of both Ninian Park (Cardiff) and the Racecourse Ground (Wrexham), Anfield was considered the fairest venue for both countries.



Tartan Army at Anfield. Right, the two managers—Ally MacLeod and Mike Smith.



Meet the Expert...

He answers readers' queries in SHOOT Weekly.

In the 1977 SHOOT "Summer Special", in a feature on the thousands of questions sent in to the weekly "Ask the Expert" column, I ended up by repeating one myself. I admitted I'd never answered one very familiar question—"Why is a local derby so-called?"—for the very good reason that I just hadn't a clue . . . and couldn't find anyone else who had!

I hoped (but didn't really expect) that some well-briefed reader might come up with something—and Jonathan Burn of Oadby, Leicester, did just that.

Jonathan wrote: "Centuries ago primitive football games were held once a year on Shrove Tuesday between two rival villages in Ashbourne, Derby—and it was the popularity of these old-time games that led to the expression 'local derby' which, of course, is still used today for a match between two neighbouring sides."

It certainly sounds a fair and feasible enough explanation to me—unless, maybe, YOU can think of an even better one!

I sincerely hope you all sometimes learn something from the column—it's been running non-stop in the weekly edition of SHOOT since the very first issue of 16th August 1969—and, in cases like this, I learn something in return.

Mind you, some readers try to take the mickey, or catch me out—and (unless I fall for it!) I like that, too. There was that reader, just after Don Revie had departed to the desert, who wanted to know if camels were allowed in the car-parks at big matches out there. . .

He sounded innocent enough, but



The Cosmos of North America have attracted top stars from around the world.

Derby v. Charlton in the 1946 F.A. Cup Final.



of course, some catch-questions from readers are quite legitimate.

Like one, which crops up every so often, about which team got beaten in the Third Round—and still played in the F. A. Cup Final at Wembley? And there's a perfectly straightforward answer to that—Charlton. The reason being that, for the first Post-War F. A. Cup competition in 1945-46, it was decided to play ties up to the Semi-Final on a home-and-away basis—and Charlton, although getting through on aggregate, lost 1-2 at Fulham in the second leg. They lost at Wembley, too, incidentally—against Derby, who had the satisfaction of playing unbeaten throughout.

TV Influence

Scotland apart, our international football hasn't exactly set the world on fire in the nine years of SHOOT's existence—but I've had evidence to show we've still got plenty of overseas fans left who don't think too badly of us! But, of any one overseas area, the Singapore and Malaysia region really takes the cake. Seems like half the local population reads SHOOT out there! And the tiny island of Malta doesn't do too badly, either. Letters continue to roll in from all parts of the world—Russia and Albania being about the only countries in Europe who haven't yet put me on their "mailing-list"—and it's interesting to see how those from North America are steadily increasing since the likes of Pele and Beckenbauer



began to spread the soccer gospel out there.

And African nations like Nigeria—where, for some reason, optimistic readers often seem to think I can supply “certain” ways of winning on the pools!—and Ghana are coming more and more into the picture. Same goes, too, for the Aussies and New Zealanders. All the same, most of the overseas letters concern clubs and individual players—and there, of course, is where worldwide TV has a big influence.

Many of the top League and Cup games we see at home on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons are later shown in countries all round the globe—and naturally interest the fans out there in the players they see.

Of these clubs, one stands out unrivalled as top of the soccer pops—and that's Manchester United.

Manchester City, Liverpool, Q.P.R. (especially in Australia), and Chelsea also seem to attract a lot of overseas support. But all-conquering Nottingham Forest, the surprise packet of last season, have yet to make a real impact overseas—although, if Cloughie keeps them on the same road, doubtless the letters about them will soon come flooding in.

When it comes to individual players . . . as you might imagine the name of Kevin Keegan figures very prominently amongst the questions received—and his departure from the English club-scene has had hardly any effect at all. But running him quite close is surprisingly the name of a man who's been out of the brightest spotlights for some little while now—and that's Alan Ball. Some readers, both at home and overseas, aren't going to forget for a long time the sterling work Ballie put in for England in the past.

And there, of course—with both players and clubs—is one of the problems of the column so many letters received do tend to duplicate themselves. Much as we all admire the likes of K.K. and Manchester United—to fill the “Ask the Expert” spot with them each week would hardly give a balanced picture of the game.

Which is why, sadly, so many good letters from readers have to be discarded—for no other reason than that the identical question has already been asked and answered.

Don't Hesitate

Now a letter about a lesser-known player or club—providing the question is interesting enough—obviously stands a much better chance of being printed. Anyway, whatever the questions you have in mind, please don't hesitate to send 'em in—or I'll be out of a job, for a start! Much as I'd like to, though, sheer pressure of time—not to mention the cost of stamps!—makes it impossible to write back personally to every one of the many, many readers who sends in a query. For which omission I apologise most sincerely. But this much I do promise you. Every letter received is carefully read—and, if it's of wide enough interest and the question hasn't been dealt with in the column before, it will be right there in a forthcoming weekly issue of SHOOT!. So please keep on writing

Manchester United—top of the soccer pops.

Alan Ball—popular with readers.



The Expert

The Expert

JIM CALDERWOOD BIRMINGHAM CITY

Turned down Spurs and Man. City!

The past few seasons have seen Birmingham City struggling to keep their place in the First Division. Trevor Francis was turning in consistent performances and seemed to be staging a one-man stand against relegation.

But last season, after just four games, manager Willie Bell was sacked and the former England supremo Sir Alf Ramsey took over the reins at St. Andrews for a spell.

Under his guidance, full-back Jim Calderwood emerged as a player with a bright future.

"Everyone had tremendous respect for him," says the Glasgow-born Calderwood. "He can be hard, but in his own way. Sir Alf would never give a player a rollicking in front of others. He would speak to him individually."

Jim was first spotted playing as a striker for Glasgow Amateurs. "They were Birmingham's nursery side," explains Calderwood. "And a game had been arranged against a side from England.

"I must have played well because I was invited to train at St. Andrews, and four or five months later I signed for the club.

Shattered

"Mind you, I had the chance to go to Tottenham and Manchester City for trials, but I turned them down because I thought I had better opportunities at Birmingham. And I have never regretted that decision."

Although Calderwood became a regular first team member last season, he actually made his League debut way back in November, 1972.

"Trevor Francis was injured," remembers the Scot, "and boss at the time, Freddie Goodwin, told me I would be playing in midfield against Stoke City at the Victoria Ground.

"I was physically drained after 90 minutes but I was pleased with my performance particularly as Birmingham won and recorded their first away victory of the 1972-3 season.

"The manager was quite satisfied as well. I made about five appearances that term."

In March, 1974, Calderwood, while in Birmingham's reserves, was chosen as

a late replacement for a Scotland Under-23 international against England at Newcastle.

Recalls Jim: "It was a great honour when I got the call by the then Scotland boss Willie Ormond.

"As for the game, I played left-back and was playing reasonably well when I was injured in a clash and carried off after 60 minutes.

"Mr. Ormond said not to worry, that I played well despite Scotland losing 2-0 and I would certainly get another chance. Alas, I didn't."

Apart from giving him his chance in the senior Birmingham side, Goodwin also figured in one of Calderwood's biggest disappointments of his career.

He says: "During the 1974-75 campaign, I was enjoying my longest run in the first team when we had battled through to the F.A. Cup Semi-Finals.

"Then Goodwin dropped his bombshell. He axed me from the team to play Fulham at Hillsborough.

"I was shattered. I had played in the games up to the Semis. My confidence suddenly disappeared. It took me about six months before I got over the disappointment."

Now that the likeable Calderwood could be regarded as a first team regular, what are his ambitions for the future?

"I would love to help Birmingham City win some honours," he replies. "and also to play in the full Scotland international team."

And for the lad whose career finally took off last season, he could well fulfil them.



It's a record



Arthur Chandler—scoring record.

Dream Debut

Leicester City striker A. Chandler created a Football League record by scoring in 16 consecutive Second Division matches.

J. Dyt had the dream debut that every forward dreams about. He scored eight on his first game for King's Park v Forfar Athletic in the Scottish Second Division on January 2nd, 1930. King's Park won 12-2.

14 'Champions'

When Liverpool won the First Division Championship in 1965-66 they called upon 14 players. That total is the lowest number of players to appear in a season for a Football League club.

459 Outings!

No League player will surely beat the appearance record of Harold Bell of Tranmere Rovers. Harold was picked for the first game after World War Two in the 1946-47 season and did not miss a match until he was dropped on August 30th, 1955—a total 401 consecutive matches for Tranmere in the Third Division (North). Harold also played in 26 F.A. Cup matches, 22 Liverpool Senior Cup and 10 Cheshire Bowl games—a grand total of 459!

Missed F.A. Cup

Red faces at Queens Park Rangers in the 1926-27 season. They forgot to send in their entry for the F.A. Cup competition and had to miss playing in it that season.

Points Holders

Lincoln City set up a new Football League record in the 1975-76 season. Their 74 points from 46 matches included 32 victories.

The previous League record points-holders were Doncaster Rovers, they had 72 points from 42 League games in the Third Division (North), 1946-47.

The First Division record points haul is held by Leeds United who got 67 points in 1968-69, when they won the Championships for the first time.

Amazing Own-goal

A goal was scored at Stamford Bridge on December 18th, 1954 that is unique in the history of the Football League. Leicester City defenders Milburn and

Froggatt both connected with the ball simultaneously and sent it into their own net against Chelsea. Chelsea won 3-1 and in the official records one of the Chelsea goals is recorded as Froggatt and Milburn shared one own goal!

ALAN MULLERY



First Sent-off

The first English player to be sent off in a full international was Alan Mullery who was dismissed in the Yugoslavia v England match in the European Championship Finals in Florence, Italy, on June 5th, 1968.

And Anton Rattin (Argentina) made history on July 23rd, 1966, in the World Cup match against England. Rattin was the first player to be sent-off at Wembley.

Longest and Shortest

By general agreement, the longest and shortest players ever to appear in the Football League were Fred le May who was only 5 feet tall. Fred played for Thames F.C., Watford and Clapton Orient during the 1930's. The tallest was Albert Iremonger, with Notts County and Lincoln City between 1904 and 1927 Albert was 6ft 5 ins. tall.

Last for England

The last amateur player to appear for England was Bernard Joy, the Arsenal centre-half, who played for England v Belgium in Brussels on May 9th, 1936. Joy made his last appearance for England v Scotland on October 14th, 1944, but this was a War-time international and no full cap was awarded.



Five Euro Cup Wins

Real Madrid of Spain were truly the Champions of Europe in the 1950's. They won the first five European Cup Finals, with their biggest win coming when they beat Eintracht Frankfurt of

West Germany 7-3 in 1960.

They took the European Cup for a sixth time in 1966 when they beat Partizan Belgrade 2-1.

Mud, mud, glorious mud... there's nothing quite like it for thrills and spills. The Arsenal pair Alan Hudson (on ground) and Malcolm Macdonald combine to thwart an Aston Villa player. This was one day when Malcolm really did need a super mac!

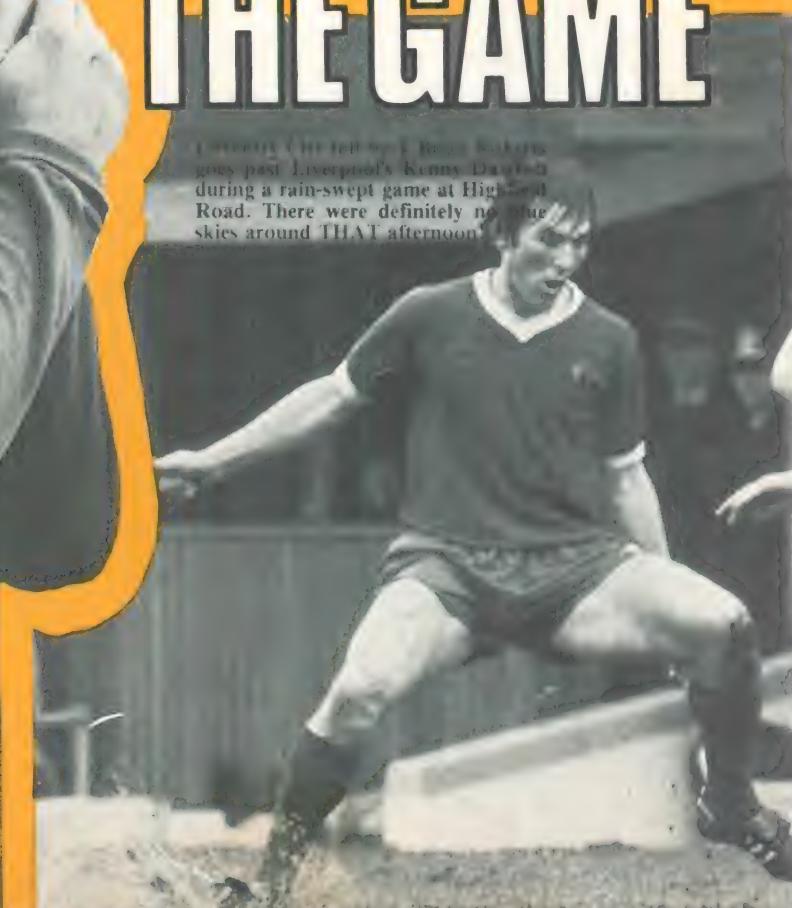


Brrrr! Leicester City goalkeeper Mark Wallington tries to keep warm in the cold of the English winter.



NEVER MIND THE WEATHER THE GAME

Leicester City keeper Mark Wallington gets past Liverpool's Kenny Dalglish during a rain-swept game at Highbury. There were definitely no blue skies around THAT afternoon!



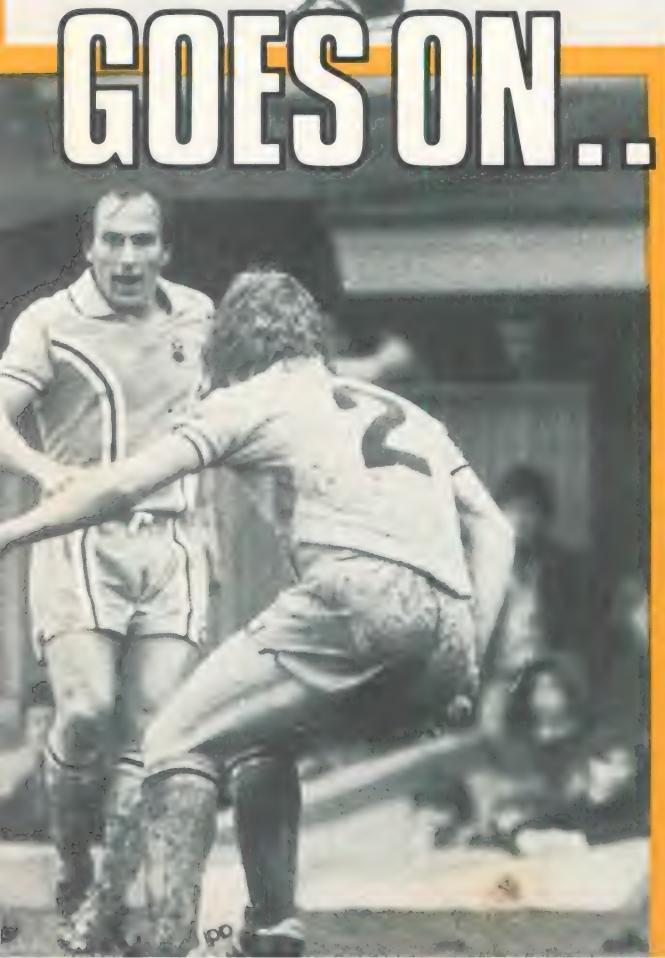


QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS
vs MANCHESTER CITY

LIBED WITH JOE C

Queen's Park Rangers forward Martyn Busby defies the treacherous conditions to attempt an acrobatic scissors kick against Manchester City. But Joe Corrigan pulled off an equally acrobatic save.

GOES ON...



Hamburger SV goalkeeper Rudi Kargus had nothing to cheer about when HSV visited Cologne. The temperature was minus three... the pitch was covered in snow... and Cologne won 6-1.



It's a record



Chelsea and Leeds after their 2 Wembley draw.

Final Reply

The first Wembley F.A. Cup Final that needed a replay came in 1970. Then Chelsea and Leeds drew 2-2 after extra time at Wembley and it also

needed extra-time in the replay at Old Trafford before Chelsea finally won the Cup by two goals to one.

Super-scorers

Record scorers in a match for each Division are:

Division One: 7 by T. Drake (Arsenal) v Aston Villa, December 14th, 1935.



7 by J. Ross (Preston) v Stoke City, October 6th, 1888.

Division Two: 7 by N. Coleman (Stoke) v Lincoln City, February 23rd, 1957. 7 by T. Briggs (Blackburn Rovers) v Bristol Rovers, February 5th, 1955.

Division Three (South): 10 by J. Payne (Luton Town) v Bristol Rovers, April 13th, 1936.

Division Three (North): 9 by R. Bell (Tranmere Rovers) v Oldham Athletic, December 26th, 1935.

In Scotland:-

Division One: 8 J. McGrory (Celtic) v Dunfermline, January 14th, 1928.

Division Two: 8 by J. Calder (Morton) v Raith Rovers, April 18th 1936.

O. McNally (Arthurlie) v Armadale, October 1st 1927. J. Dyet (King's Park) v Forfar Athletic, January 2nd, 1930.

Resignation

Wigan Borough became the first club to resign in mid-season. They resigned from the Third Division (North) on October 26th, 1931.

Chelsea First

Did you know that London rivals Arsenal and Chelsea were the first clubs to use numbers on their shirts in a League match? It happened on August 25th, 1928, when Chelsea played Swansea Town at Stamford Bridge and Arsenal played Sheffield Wednesday at Hillsborough.



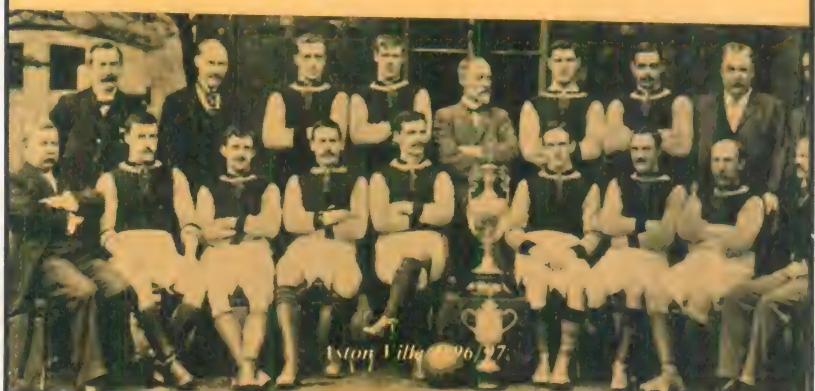
Centuries of Caps

England have three players who have won over 100 caps, Billy Wright (Wolves) was the first to reach the century and finished with 105 caps. Bobby Charlton (Manchester United) 106 and Bobby Moore (West Ham) beat both of them by finishing with 108 caps.

Spurs' Double

The Football League Championship and F. A. Cup double has only been achieved four times in the past. Preston were the first in 1889 followed by Aston Villa in 1897. Tottenham

Hotspur were the first team this century in 1961 and they were followed ten years later in 1971 by their London neighbours Arsenal.



Successful Middlesbrough full-back Terry Cooper has been around for a long time, but

He hasn't finished winning things yet!

He began his career as a winger, was then converted into a world class full-back, suffered several bad injuries, including a leg-break, and returned to play for his country after a gap of three years. That player is Terry Cooper.

A black and white photograph of Terry Cooper, a footballer, in action. He is wearing a dark jersey with white stripes on the shoulders and dark shorts with the number 3 on the back. He is in a dynamic pose, leaning forward with his right leg extended and his left leg bent, suggesting he is in the middle of a tackle or a quick turn. His hair is dark and slightly messy. The background is a plain, light color.
"I was spotted playing as a left-winger for a local junior side in Leeds," says Cooper. "And I was invited to join the staff at Elland Road after a short spell with Wolves juniors."

That was in the early 1960's, and it began a very successful era as United were beginning to assemble a side that was to go on from being a struggling Second Division club to First Division Champions.

But it was as left-back Cooper made the breakthrough in the first team. How did the change occur?

"I had been at Leeds for two or three seasons," he says, "playing in the reserves. They had no cover at left-back and when the occasion arose, manager at the time, Don Revie, decided to gamble with me. That was during 1963-64."

United's record in the 1960's and early 1970's is impressive to say the least—Second Division Champions (1964-65),

League Champions (1969 and 1974), F. A. Cup winners (1972), League Cup holders (1968)—and Cooper played a part in these successes as well as in the triumphs abroad when Leeds won the old Fairs Cup (now U.E.F.A.) in 1967-68 and 1970-71. They also reached the Final in 1966-67. He missed the Cup-Winners' Cup Final in 1972-73, which Leeds lost, through injury.

Remembers Cooper: "They were tremendous days at Elland Road. I know we had our share of critics but nobody could take it away from us that we had a very professional and successful side. A testimony of this was

the number of full international players in the side."

And that included Cooper. His consistent play was a joy to watch and he was rewarded with the first of his 20 England caps against France in March, 1969.

"I enjoyed my debut particularly the atmosphere of Wembley. I had a good game and England won 5-0."

Everything was going well when in a First Division game against Stoke City in April, 1972, he suffered a bad break of the left leg.

"It was an accident," says the Castleford-born defender. "I went in for a 50-50 tackle and I felt my leg go. It turned out to be worse than was at first thought.

"A metal plate was inserted into my leg but that didn't work out. It was then decided to try a bone graft."

Thankfully, the operation was a success. But Cooper was forced to miss United's F. A. Cup triumph v. Arsenal in May, 1972. He had a long, lonely haul back to fitness. During this time did he have any fears his career was finished?

"Not really," he says. "I was always confident the leg would mend."

Nearly two years later, Cooper returned to League action and after only a handful of games, he received a call-up for England from former Leeds boss Don Revie, then in charge of the international side.

"It was an added bonus," remembers Terry. "I was just pleased to be back, but to play for England again was a tremendous boost."

"Before the European Championship game against Portugal, I was injured. I hurt an Achilles tendon and now know I shouldn't have played. It was disappointing because I only lasted around 20 minutes and I never made the England side again."

In March, 1975, Middlesbrough made an offer of around £50,000 for Cooper. Leeds accepted and the left-back was on his way to Ayresome Park.

"It was very strange," recalls Terry, "because I had spent my entire career

at Elland Road and thought I would finish my playing days there.

"But I have not regretted the move. Manager John Neal is building on the foundations laid by Jack Charlton. Boro could become a very successful club."

Praise indeed from a player who has won almost everything in the game and still has an appetite for more.

Malcolm Macdonald spells out the AN HONOUR—BUT BE FRIGHTENING

Playing for England is every footballer's dream. But sometimes that dream becomes a nightmare for the brilliant player who fails to produce his usual club form on his international debut.

How many times have you watched England play and asked why so-and-so looked a pale shadow of his normal self? Often enough, I'll bet. And certainly often enough to merit a sensible answer. I will attempt to provide that answer.

There is no higher honour a professional footballer can receive than an international cap. But too many players celebrate their selection without giving sufficient thought to what faces them.

The differences between playing a Saturday or midweek game with your team-mates and playing at Wembley or abroad for your country are considerable. And for the player who is unprepared for those differences there exists the ultimate penalty: failure and no second chance.

If a player gives a below-par performance for his team, he usually has the opportunity to put things right within a matter of days. Sometimes he can follow a Saturday stinker with a midweek five-star display.

But a poor display for England leaves its mark. Because months may pass before a player can make amends, show his true form and establish a run in the international squad. And for some lads, the second chance never comes.

The gap between international matches is long enough to expose players to the risk of injury or loss of form at club level. So even a player who receives a second nod from the national manager may miss his chance because of one of the above factors.

Let us go back to the magic moment when a player is told that he had been selected to play for England. His team-mates are totally sincere in their back-slapping and invitations to celebrate. Because it is always a good thing for a team when one of them becomes an international.

In his excitement, the 'new cap' rushes off to tell his wife or girl-friend. Then he probably phones his family, between answering questions put by journalists.

Suddenly he is the centre of attraction and this alone is enough to turn any man's head. I know. Because

my 14th cap brought with it just as much excitement and unashamed delight as my first.

When I was invited to join the England Under-23 party in season 1971-72 it proved to be the most thrilling moment of my career.

But when I came face to face with the countless little problems which followed my selection I admit I was in a flap.

Training with an international squad is different from training with your club. Travelling is different because you may spend hours in the company of comparative strangers after months of away trips with team-mates.

Club teams usually form little card schools or groups who prefer to either sit and chat or relax and read. And it is customary for players to share a bedroom with the same team-mate. Small points, yes. But all important when it comes to easing tension and helping young men to relax and unwind.

something I had not done since playing on Sunday mornings.

I noticed the lack of routine, something which provides an important platform at every club. All the lads around me seemed a bit lost.

We played Wales at Swindon's ground in January, 1972. Mike Channon and I led the attack and scored one goal each in a 2-0 win. But all the time I had the strange feeling that players such as Colin Todd, Tommy Booth and Steve Whitworth were as on edge as I was. But none of us wanted to admit it.

That is Under-23 level. You can treble the problems with the full-squad.

Why? Because everyone is anxious to impress. Players go out of their way to seek a happy medium because they are striving to meet the needs of others. Only now they don't know the needs of the men around them.

A player requires more than one international appearance before he can feel at home, get to know the lads

LEFT . . . Supermac on his full England debut against Wales. RIGHT . . . England new boys Steve Coppell, Peter Barnes, Bob Latchford and Billy Bonds relax with a game of cards before the Italy World Cup tie at Wembley.

BELOW . . . One of Macdonald's five goals against Cyprus in April, 1975.



When a footballer prepares for a club game all he has to do is dress in the morning and be at the arranged meeting place on time. Everything else is done for him. By removing the small responsibilities from his shoulders his club ensure that the player can concentrate 100 per cent on the game.

The club coach looks after boots, and if you are travelling abroad, passports, medicals and currency exchanges are all dealt with by the club.

My first Under-23 experience brought home all these points. I looked after my own boots, pads, bits and pieces. By no means a chore, but just



two sides of playing for England

IT CAN

around him and adjust to the totally different demands.

My full international debut was also against Wales, at Ninian Park in May 1972. We won 3-0 and although I did not score I was satisfied that I had not let anybody down.

But I felt the strain, the pressure and the responsibility when I pulled the England shirt over my head.

It is not in my nature to let such a thing have too bad an effect. But nevertheless, take away the outward show of bravado and I was shaking in my proverbial boots.

Some lads feel the pressure worse. They freeze, die many deaths and as a result stagger through what for them is a miserable match, afraid of receiving the ball, determined to get rid of it as quickly as possible.

International selection is the ultimate

honour. That is why it is also the ultimate frightener. To wait years for international selection only to blow it all by playing badly on the night is that nightmare I talked about earlier.

Unfortunately we are all guilty of making instant judgements, cruel analyses and of condemning an individual as being "less than international standard."

I advise every footballer to take a long, hard and cold look at the international scene if he is ever fortunate enough to become part of it.



The WOLVES STORY

THE TEAM EUROPE

ONCE FEARED

During the early 1950's Wolves became the scourge of Europe, with famous victories against the likes of Moscow Spartak and Dynamo, Honved of Budapest and mighty Real Madrid.

In a series of floodlight friendlies at Molineux, the Midlanders destroyed some of the world's most formidable clubs . . . but had no trophies to show for their success. Unfortunately, serious European club competition arrived too late for them.

In fact, when Wolves did compete in the European Cup for the first time in 1958-59, Schalke 04 of West Germany knocked them out in the First Round.

The following season (1959-60) Barcelona crushed them 9-2 on aggregate in the Quarter-Finals.

Then in 1960-61 they reached the Semi-Finals of the Cup-Winners' Cup, only to lose to Glasgow Rangers.

Wolves, Champions, 1953/54.



Mind you, Wolves have had their great years. Between the seasons of 1948-49 and 1960-61 they were League Champions three times, three times runners-up and twice F. A. Cup winners.

In 1959-60, they just failed to become the first Double winners of the 20th Century by one point.

Manager during their golden era was Stan Cullis, a former captain who earned a reputation as a stern and uncompromising disciplinarian. But players respected the man who built one of the finest teams of all time.

Fans packed the terraces at Molineux . . . and wherever else they played. But the end of that glittering period for Wolves came with dramatic suddenness in the early 1960's.

Relegation

After a disastrous start to the 1964-65 season, when the team took just one point from the first seven games, Stan Cullis was sacked, after 30 years with the club as a player and manager.

Molineux was further shaken when no fewer than 11 players demanded transfers. Wolves were in danger of destroying themselves.

Into the cauldron stepped Andy Beattie as caretaker-manager, but nothing could save the club from relegation in 1965.



LEFT
Bert Williams collects the ball safely during the game against Moscow Dynamo at Molineux on November 11th, 1955. Wolves won the match 2-1.

BELOW
Norman Deeley scores for Wolves against Blackburn Rovers in the 1960 F.A. Cup Final at Wembley. Wolves won 3-0 with Deeley scoring twice.

Wolves' captain Mike Bailey holds the League Cup after their victory over Manchester City in 1974.

FOOT OF PAGE
Derek Dougan, that colourful character who served Wolves so well.

The decline of Wolves was a tragedy for the club who were considered good enough to become one of the 12 founder members of the Football League in 1888. But their history began before that.

Formed in 1877 as St. Luke's Church, Blakenham, school team, they became Wolverhampton Wanderers in 1880.

Ten years later, as a professional club, they managed to obtain the tenancy of a park which lay behind the Molineux Hotel, where they have been ever since.

History was soon made at Molineux. In September, 1891, an Accrington Stanley defender handled the ball and Wolves scored from the penalty. It was the very first spot-kick awarded since the new rule was introduced a fortnight earlier.

In 1893, Wolves won the F. A. Cup for the first time, beating Everton 1-0 in the Final at Fallowfield, Manchester.

But during the early 1900's, Wolves found success elusive and in 1906 were relegated.

They spent more than 20 years in the Second Division, interrupted by one season in the Third, 1923-24.

Two years later, in 1927, Frank Buckley, "the Major," took over as manager.

By 1932, Wolves were back in the First Division, but it wasn't until just before the outbreak of the Second World War that they became a real force again.

Wolves were League runners-up in 1937-38 and 1938-39 and also reached Wembley. Gates at Molineux rose to 60,000 but War prevented them from getting anything on the boardroom sideboard other than polish.

Cup-Winners

King-pin of Buckley's team was captain and centre-half Stan Cullis, the man who was to succeed him as boss.

Shortly after the War, in 1949, Wolves won the F. A. Cup again, beating Second Division Leicester City 3-1. From then on until 1964, Cullis guided



the club to the most successful period of their history.

Skipper of the team for many of those glory years was another of this country's great centre-halves, Billy Wright, whose record of 105 England caps was later to be overtaken by Bobby Charlton and Bobby Moore.

Alongside Wright in that wonderful Wolves side was England goalkeeper Bert Williams, diminutive winger Johnny Hancocks, Dennis Wilshaw, Peter Broadbent and Ron Flowers.

But all good things, and soccer teams, eventually must come to an end.

Continued overleaf



Steve Daley is tackled by Charlie Cooke of Chelsea.

After the sacking of Cullis, Andy Beattie took over, but couldn't prevent the team going down with Birmingham City in 1964-65. Ironically, manager of Birmingham at the time was . . . Stan Cullis.

At the beginning of the following term, Beattie resigned because of his wife's ill-health and Ronnie Allen, the former West Brom and England star, who joined Wolves as a coach from Crystal Palace in 1965, took over.

Two seasons later, at the end of 1966-67, Wolves regained their First Division status with the help of new signings Derek Dougan from Leicester and Mike Bailey from Charlton.

Then in 1967-68, with the club struggling to hold on to their place in the First Division, Ronnie Allen was sacked.

Bill McGarry was persuaded to leave Ipswich Town to fill one of the hottest managerial seats in soccer. With him from Portman Road came coach Sammy Chung.

Like Cullis, McGarry proved a hard task master. "I don't ask players to like me," he said shortly after his appointment. "If I did I'd be quickly out of a job."

After the troubles of the late 1960's Wolves improved under McGarry and in the 1970-71 season finished fourth in the table to earn a place in the U. E. F. A. Cup competition. European soccer had returned to Molineux.

But after action in five different countries, Wolves eventually lost in the Final to Spurs. Even Tottenham boss Bill Nicholson agreed: "They were most unfortunate not to have won the trophy."



*ABOVE . . . Goalscoring ace John Richards, a truly fine forward.
BELOW . . . Manager Sammy Chung, a former Molineux coach.*



Hero for Wolves during that great European run was old-stager Derek Dougan, who hit nine goals, including a hat-trick against the Portuguese club Academica Coimbra.

Finally in 1973-74 Wolves did find long-awaited success. They won the Football League Cup, defeating Manchester City 2-1 at Wembley. Scorers for Wolves that memorable day were Kenny Hibbitt and John Richards.

That victory meant U.E.F.A. Cup action again the following season, but it didn't last long. FC Porto (Portugal) knocked them out in the First Round.

Players' Choice

Two years later they were relegated again. As a result, on May 13th, 1976 Bill McGarry was dismissed. Sammy Chung, the players' choice, succeeded him.

Derek Dougan had retired, Mike Bailey left for America. But players such as Willie Carr, John Richards, John McAlle, Steve Daley, Derek Parkin, and exciting prospect Martin Patching were good enough to help Wolves win the Second Division Championship at the first attempt.

They ended that 1976-77 season two points above runners-up Chelsea and five clear of third-placed Nottingham Forest.

Although most critics forecast a great season for Wolves in 1977-78, it was Forest who set the First Division alight.

However, those same critics agree that this highly-promising Wolves team, under manager Sammy Chung, must eventually achieve things that equal some of those golden glory moments of the past and bring back the big awards.

WHEN GRAEME SOUNESS WALKED OUT...

Graeme Souness's first major impact as a professional footballer was recorded in the prestigious pages of Hansard.

The parliamentary publication is not the sort one would expect to refer to soccer players. But that sums up a remarkable career which entered a new phase when Liverpool paid £352,000 for him in January, 1978.

Souness left school in Edinburgh as a 15-year-old, and was lured by the bright lights of London and the tradition of Tottenham Hotspur.

He was quickly christened the second Dave Mackay by enthusiastic Spurs officials, but the novelty of life in the capital soon wore off.

At the age of 17 his homesickness was so severe he walked out and returned to Scotland, and his subsequent two-

Enormous Potential

week suspension without pay prompted questions in the House of Commons, by his local MP.

The teenaged Souness eventually relented, healed the rift with then-Tottenham manager Bill Nicholson, and went back to White Hart Lane.

His talents were never given a chance to blossom at first team level, and in December 1972 Middlesbrough, then in the shadows of Newcastle and Sunderland, bought him for £27,000.

The fact that he had not made a League appearance was testimony to Middlesbrough's faith. Although Souness quickly established himself as a regular, he failed to produce the spark of brilliance that characterised his play as a schoolboy.

Jack Charlton's arrival at Ayresome Park in May 1973 changed all that, and at last Souness began to prove his true worth.

Charlton, now attempting to revive the flagging fortunes of Sheffield Wednesday, vividly recalls the problems Souness experienced in his early days at 'Boro.

"It was obvious that Graeme had enormous potential, but was being played out of position," recalls Charlton. "He was played as a left-sided midfield player or a full back, which occasionally emphasised his lack of pace.

"I moved him into the central midfield position, and tried to make him a

more positive player.

"His main fault has always been that he tends to dwell on the ball for too long and is consequently forced to pass backwards instead of forwards.

"He seemed to have the idea that good players should try and look clever on the ball, and for two years I constantly nagged at him to cut down on his tendency to over-elaborate."

The lessons were well learned. He orchestrated Middlesbrough's surge to the Second Division title in 1974, and attracted the attention of the Scottish selectors.

International appearances against East Germany, Spain and Sweden followed in 1975. But the embarrassment of midfield riches available to Scotland meant that he faded out of contention until Ally MacLeod recalled him to duty.

Charlton, his Middlesbrough mentor, has no doubts of his ability to succeed at the highest level, and states: "If Graeme plays to his full ability he can win many honours.

"That ability, plus his enthusiasm, is a gift to any team. The only thing he needs to curb is an arrogant streak that can sometimes surface in his play."



DO YOU WANT ALL-YEAR-ROUND SOCCER?



Fans still queue before the start of a match (above). But, since the War, attendances have been steadily falling. People go away for summer holidays, but an important Cup Final would entice them back.

Last season, bad weather caused the postponements of over a hundred games and there was a huge pile-up of fixtures. It was football's worst winter for 15 years.

The Pools Panel had to be called into action—and that means 25-plus games off on the coupon—and once again raised the question of changing the season around, or even keeping it on throughout the year.

But could football be played all year round—52 weeks, that is, without a break for anyone, anywhere, anytime?

Of course it could—in THEORY. More to the point, though, how would it (or wouldn't it) work out—in FACT?

Take the fan first. Clubs and players might not always admit it, but he's the key factor in the whole operation of their business—the humble chap around whose likes (and dislikes) the professional game revolves.

Without him, it would die—for he, in effect, is the "boss" who pays the club to pay their players.

The fan, however reluctantly, could live without football—but never the other way round.

Since the peak of the immediate post-War years, gates have been steadily falling within the limits of the season as it already is—and, for more clubs than care to talk about it, rather dangerously.

Is there any real reason to suppose

the totals over 52 weeks would be larger to any worthwhile extent, bearing in mind the additional costs, than it is over around forty-odd?

The handful of "super-clubs" would probably break even, might possibly make a marginal extra profit—but for the bulk of the "also-rans" in the lower Divisions it could prove utter disaster.

The top British professional already plays more competitive games than his counterpart anywhere in the world—Liverpool in 1976-77 had 42 First Division games; 8 (including replays) in the F.A. Cup; 9 in the European Cup; 2 in the League Cup; plus the Charity Shield—and it's just not on to ADD to the competitive fixture-list.

All that could realistically be done would be to spread the already excessive work-load over a longer period—but would that really help anyone all that much?

People go away for summer holidays, for one thing. An important Cup Final could entice some back—but would even the most fanatical Merseyside or Glaswegian fan come racing home for a routine run-of-the-mill League game?

And players, too—don't they deserve, even need, a break? Not one of the Scots wept their hearts out at being picked to play in Argentina last summer—but that was, after all, something a bit special.

Whether they, and others, would



fancy playing right through an ordinary summer, in ordinary games, is quite another matter—and so might well be their form.

And what of the hard-pressed groundsmen? Summer, all too short nowadays for their purposes as it is, is the only convenient time for repairing the pitch that looked so bare and bald in April—ready to re-emerge lush and green by August.

Even if the production of artificial all-weather pitches should eventually take over fully from natural grass, there are still plenty of other renovations around the ground which can only effectively be carried out during a lay-off period.

As things stand now, no known major club anywhere in the world plays serious competitive football for 52 weeks of the year. Of course, extra games are played out of season—but the bulk of these are on tour, with nothing much at stake, and often provide a welcome refresher for the players concerned.

After all, a friendly warm-up for the new season in Majorca or Bermuda hardly produces the same strain on the constitution as a do-or-die battle for League points at Anfield or Old Trafford.

But, if year-round football isn't really "on", how about the same number of fixtures as now—and a lot of influential soccer folk already consider that too many—spread over a differently-arranged season?

Shutting down in the worst months of winter, for instance, and catching-up the fixture-list in better times?

Many European nations have no option but to fix a mid-winter shutdown—but there the problem is easier. Because of the greater predictability of their climate, they can time it pretty accurately.

British weather, as we all know, is rather less reliable! Theoretically, January would seem to be one obvious shut-down month—but how stupid we'd have looked three seasons ago when, in most

parts, January could hardly have been more spring-like.

Those few postponements which were necessary were caused not through snow and ice, but pitches waterlogged by rain—which weather records indicate is more likely in April, anyway.

In actual fact—for any reason of weather—the number of postponements is normally far less than might be imagined.

There are exceptions, of course. The eccentric "Ice Age" season of 1962-63, for instance, saw 307 Football League games called off—and the Third Round of the F.A. Cup, due to be played on 5th January, wasn't finally completed until 11th March.

And 1965-66, 1976-77 and 1977-78 were pretty bleak for postponements.

But there have been only nine other seasons since the War in which more than fifty Football League games have had to be postponed—some having as few as 6 (1947-48), 10 (1948-49), 18 (1949-50), 21 (1953-54 and 1966-67), and 22 (1951-52).

So statistics alone suggest there is no physical reason for any drastic change in the structure of the season—though, of course, there is no accurate way of telling how many spectators may be kept away by bad weather at the less well-equipped grounds.

But the Football League believe that persistent rain is easily the worst culprit in this respect—and we can have some pretty wet summers, too!

Sir Matt Busby's views always command deserved respect. He, amongst others, has before now advocated not a mid-winter break—which might have the effect of getting some spectators out of their regular Saturday-afternoon habits—but an entirely new-look season running from March to December inclusive.

Yet, here again, statistics don't bear out the likelihood of any overwhelming advantage, weather-wise.

Almost 50% of League postponements since the War have occurred in



With the introduction of all-weather artificial pitches (above) there would be fewer postponements.



The familiar sight of British grounds in winter (above). Stamford Bridge, home of Chelsea, is water-logged after some heavy rain. While watching the 1966 World Cup Finals (below), spectators sunbathed.



March, April, May, and August-to-December—all of which months still fall within that revised schedule.

Where summer-month soccer would score heavily, of course, would be in providing firmer, truer pitches to ensure that pure skill would rarely fall to brute-strength and stamina—how many potential F.A. Cup-winners have been “giantkiller-ed” out on a slushy January afternoon?—and conditions would be far more acceptable for spectators as well.

It was pleasant enough to down an ice-cream while watching the 1966 World Cup on warm July evenings—but that was the World Cup, and it was a novelty for English fans.

Holidays aside, there are too many other rival summery pleasures to ensure that attendances would be all that bigger than in winter for ordinary games once the novelty had worn-off. And for some Third and Fourth Division strugglers they might well be less.

Football clubs love the game for what it is—but to survive for long they have to make a profit, or at worst avoid a worrying loss, and clearly the idea of all-year-round or summer soccer has crossed every mind at some time or another.

That in fact no drastic changes have been made rather speaks for itself. The basic shape of the traditional season has been retained not just for tradition's sake, but simply because—in the considered opinion of the clubs—it is still the most suitable framework to try and satisfy all conflicting interests.

The Football League bosses won't, and can't, suddenly order a change—or even an experiment. Only the clubs themselves can do that—by a formal proposal from one or more of them at the League's Annual General Meeting.

It would then take a three-quarters majority vote of the League clubs to effect such an alteration—plus the final seal of approval from the Football Association to endorse it.

And all that—unless enough fans can convince them it's worthwhile for the general good of the game—seems somewhat unlikely in the foreseeable future.

But it's really up to YOU (and millions like you). You prove you're prepared to pay your money—enough of it—and they'll see you have your choice.

Like any successful business—and football nowadays is a business—the cash-customer has to be provided with the goods he wants...or else!



Maurice Whittle (above) of Wigan celebrates with champagne after his goal had knocked out Sheffield Wednesday in the F.A. Cup. Man. United's Jimmy Greenhoff (below left) and Phil Thompson of Liverpool in Charity Shield action in 1977.



It almost seems silly that the player with the hardest shot in football plays in midfield.

Yet Peter Lorimer, the hotshot of Leeds United, admits that even when he played up-front for the Elland Roaders, he always wanted to drop back into a deeper role.

Lorimer's famous right-foot thunderbolts have been a feature of League soccer since he made his debut aged 16 in 1962.

Television producers have delighted in showing Lorimer's long-range efforts time and time again . . . while goal-

keepers on the receiving end haven't greeted his shots with the same enthusiasm!

Dundee-born Lorimer says: "I usually played wide on the right, not as a winger but a right-sided striker. Yet on the occasions I filled a midfield spot, I enjoyed myself more than ever.

"A couple of years ago it looked as if I was going to leave Leeds. I was on the transfer list and Jimmy Armfield was having a bit of a clear-out.

"I was in the reserves playing in the middle of the park. Suddenly I found a new appetite for the game.

"My performances must have impressed The Boss because he took me off the list, promoted me to the first-team and played me in a schemer's role.

"The switch did me the world of good. When I played more in attack, I was lucky because in those days we

had such a formidable forward-line our job was made relatively easy.

"I was always involved in the action, but if a team is struggling I imagine life could be rather lonely up-front.

"I can still come forward and have a pop at goal. I like nothing better than to really get behind a shot from outside the penalty-area."

The great Leeds team has gone now, of course, but some of the old guard—like Lorimer—remain at Elland Road.

"It's been a challenge to us to help put the club back where it belongs.

"We have some tremendous young players here, and big-fee signings like Tony Currie and Ray Hankin would have graced the side that put Leeds on the soccer map."

Yes, that was a superb side, led by Billy Bremner and Johnny Giles in midfield with an international line-up that was the envy of all.

Yet did the team realise its potential in terms of honours?

"No," admits Lorimer. "We should have lifted a few more trophies, even though we won our share.

"It's hard to put a finger on what went wrong at times. Perhaps we didn't believe in ourselves enough, especially in the early days when we were always knocking on the door of success, but too often finishing runners-up.

"Maybe the team came to the top too quickly. Once we established ourselves we did the club justice . . . then, opponents were scared of US!"

Especially those Lorimer thunderbolts!

HOTSHOT LORIMER OUT OF THE FIRING LINE

Spain is so obviously an ideal venue for the World Cup that it's amazing no one's thought of it before! Even geographically, Spain has a head start. In Argentina no fewer than 11 European teams were playing, yet how many fans from, say, Hungary, Poland or Sweden paid four-figure prices to make the long trip across the Atlantic?

Only a handful. But imagine how many fans will make the trip when it's only a two-hour hop over the Pyrenees! What's more, Spain has strong linguistic and ancestral links with South America, and a large number of fans are certain to cross the Atlantic to support their teams.

In terms of facilities Spain is once again in a strong position. Ask the Argentinians why they spent £250,000,000 on staging the 1978 World Cup, and they'll tell you they had to build new stadiums, modernise airports, widen roads, improve communications, and install adequate facilities for colour TV transmissions.

Ask the Spaniards what they've got to do to bring the country up to World Cup standards and their reply is: "not a lot. We could hold the World Cup next week . . ."

They're exaggerating—but not much. Spain really *has* got everything under control.

For a start, the country's stadiums are of a high standard, and playing surfaces are good. The two main centres, Madrid and Barcelona, have two good stadiums apiece, though the crowd is very close to the touchlines in Espanol's Sarria Stadium.

The only major adaptation work required will be the provision of massive facilities for the world's press, radio and TV. Oddly, finding adequate *training* facilities could be a bigger problem than the match grounds themselves!

The grass inside Spanish stadiums is treated with loving care, but outside training grounds tend to boil down to expanses of hard-baked earth which

SPAIN 1982 = The World Cup of all time

How do you fancy this? A couple of weeks away in June. A two-hour flight to a hotel on the coast. Long summer days to swim, water-ski or just laze on the beach in the hot Mediterranean sun. And in the evenings you cruise along to the local football stadium to watch the world's best teams in action. Sounds like a dream, doesn't it? It isn't. It's the recipe for the 1982 World Cup Finals to be held in Spain. And it's a recipe that's going to appeal to hundreds of thousands of soccer fans the world over. That's why Spain 1982 is likely to be the biggest event in the history of the competition.

certainly won't meet the requirements of the world's top teams.

As for world-wide colour T. V. transmissions, Spain already uses the PAL system, so apart from investing in new equipment, there'll be no problems there—though one or two grounds will have to bring their floodlighting up to colour TV standards.

Telephone and telex links at all the grounds will inevitably need to be expanded. Spain's road and rail networks are already adequate, thought RENFE's trains aren't exactly renowned for their high speeds. Domestic air services are already excellent, and Madrid and Barcelona are linked by an "Air Bridge" with flights every 30 or 60 minutes depending on the time of day.

If Spain's "back-up" facilities for the teams and the media are in generally good shape, then the facilities for the fans couldn't be better. Unlike Argentina, Spain is geared to playing host to over 30 million visitors every year, and the World Cup "rush" won't take anyone by surprise.

As a high percentage of British holidaymakers already know, Spanish

The Spanish national team qualify automatically as host nation for the 1982 World Cup Finals.

hotels are plentiful, not too expensive and generally of a high standard. And the prospect of mixing World Cup football with a relaxing Mediterranean holiday isn't the sort of opportunity that comes up many times in a lifetime.

Unless you particularly want to see all the matches played in Madrid (where June is often uncomfortably hot and the nearest beach is 300 kilometres away) you can spend a couple of weeks (or the whole month if your boss doesn't mind) relaxing in a seaside hotel on the Costa Brava, the Costa Blanca or the Costa del Sol, lapping up the sunshine all day and then wandering into the football stadium for an evening of World Cup soccer.

Daytime temperatures in Spain during June are usually in the 80s, so all matches will kick off in the cool of the evening—probably around 9 p.m. local time. As luck would have it, this is also perfect timing for TV transmissions via satellite to South and North America.

Everything seems perfect. So no wonder the Spaniards are already rubbing their hands together in anticipation of a mammoth World Cup boom. Whereas the Argentinians' gate receipts were badly hit by the failure to qualify of neighbours Uruguay and Chile, Spain just can't lose.

There are 36 countries within three hours' flying time of Madrid and Barcelona, and around a third of them are likely to qualify and bring hordes of fans with them.

Imagine how many British fans will make the trip if a couple of our teams qualify for the Finals! The large number of fans from different countries will create a much better atmosphere at most World Cup games, and the Spaniards are already predicting record attendances and bumper gate receipts.

Add in the income for the hotels, plus the money the visitors will spend in restaurants, bars and shops, and the financial success of Spain 1982 seems likely to shatter all records.

Your travel agent won't be able to give you tickets for the 1982 World Cup just yet. But when they begin to accept bookings you'd better not hang about! This is going to be THE bumper World Cup and—you can take it from us—it's a sure-fire sell-out.



'SPORTING' RATTIN

Boca Juniors' 1977 triumph in South America's Copa Libertadores made our old friend Antonio Rattin (of 1966 World Cup fame) look back on Boca's previous appearance in the Final in 1963, when he was captain.

Their opponents were none other than the great Santos in their hey-day, complete with Pele, and Boca lost 2-3 and 1-2 in the two-leg Final.

Rattin complains that Boca's manager Pedernera lost them the Final.

"I had the perfect tactics worked out," says Rattin, "but he refused point-blank to have anything to do with them. I was going to provoke Pele right from the start and get us both sent off. Boca wouldn't have missed me very much, but Santos wouldn't have played half as well without Pele."

There speaks a true sportsman!

The F.I.F.A. list of referees makes interesting reading. There are 730 officials from 146 different national associations, most from Europe (31 per cent).

There is one set of brothers—Abdulrahman Almozan and Abdulrahman Alahama from Saudi Arabia.

There are some right old tongue-twisters, too. Try: Koussoukouka Dominique... or Moghaddas-zadeh Abass.

If you think they're easy, read on: Peripanayagam Thambiayah, or Promasakanolnakorn Watana or even Veradachari Krishnagiri Venkatach.

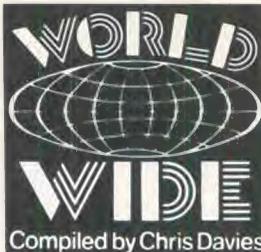
Perhaps the most amusing name is that of 36-year-old Herr Kindervater from West Germany. Literally translated, it means "the father of children"—a pity, because he's still a bachelor!

Ref lost his whistle

There was an unusual incident in a Spanish League game between Burriana and Benicarlo. A quarter of an hour before the end of the match, two players began fighting, and the referee rushed in to separate the punchers and to show them both the red card.

But the referee lost his whistle in the scuffle!

No problem—the Red Cross men rapidly produced their emergency whistle and handed it to the ref. Seconds later, there was a blatant handball and the unfortunate official found himself puffing away at a whistle that didn't work.



Bayern Munich goalkeeper Sepp Maier replies to opposing fans who had been booing him!



THE UNLIKELY SOCCER FANATICS

Think of fanatical supporters and those of many top European teams come to mind.

Yet ask Scottish referee John Gordon the most fervent soccer followers he's come across and he'll tell you they're in... Zambia—after the Scots' own Tartan Army, of course.

Gordon refereed a World Cup tie between Zambia and Egypt in Lusaka and describes it quite simply as "my most fantastic trip ever".

"The interest out there was tremendous," he says. "The gates were opened at 10.30 in the morning for a 3.30 pm kick-off.

"By half-twelve the gates had to be closed, so the unlucky fans made their way to Humanism Hill, which overlooks the stadium, and around 10,000 of them had a grandstand view of the match.

OFF! OFF!

I've never come across BOTH goalkeepers being sent-off during a game, but it happened when Red Boys met SC Mechelen in a Belgian League game.

Red Boys' goalkeeper was given his marching orders for dissent; as he was leaving the field, he had an argument with the Mechelen goalie who promptly thumped his opposite number in the mouth! He, too, was shown the red card.

The game ended 1-1.

An amusing story from Argentina, where F.C. Rosas were about to play in a regional Cup Final.

Just before the kick-off the Rosas captain announced: "This is what I'll be doing in 90 minutes' time," and, rushing over to where the massive trophy was on display, lifted it high over his head.

Unfortunately he pulled several stomach muscles in the process, and had to be stretchered off! His team went on to lose 1-0.

Spain's 'Dictator' ref

Spanish referee De Sosa Martin completely ruined a pre-season friendly between Salamanca and Nacional de Montevideo by sending off six players and showing 17 yellow cards.

Yet a few weeks later De Sosa was "promoted" to the top level of referees and made his Division One debut in the Andalusian derby match between Betis and Cadiz in Sevilla.

True to form, De Sosa once again started flourishing the red cards, and once again ruined a potentially good match. The opening 20 minutes were evenly contested—but then De Sosa stepped into the limelight.

He awarded a foul against Betis, and their captain Benitez protested.

Then, says De Sosa, "another Betis player (midfield dynamo Cardenosa) who was running by remarked that my decision was laughable. I showed him the red card immediately."

A few minutes later De Sosa awarded Betis a highly dubious penalty that most fans took as "compensation" for his previous harshness. More was to come in the 36th minute. Benitez went down after a high tackle, with blood oozing from his left leg.

De Sosa called for a stretcher, but when it arrived Benitez pushed it aside, insisting that with his side already down to ten men he wanted to continue. De Sosa promptly sent him off for feigning an injury!

At this point the crowd burst through the newly-erected wire fences, and the second-half began 55 minutes late while police sorted out the situation.

De Sosa admitted that it would be better not to send anyone else off during the second-half, and nine-man Betis went on to win 3-0.

In subsequent television interviews De Sosa insists that he always "goes rigidly by the book",

تrophies كأس العالم لكرة القدم

1625

1

امد 80

تونس 4

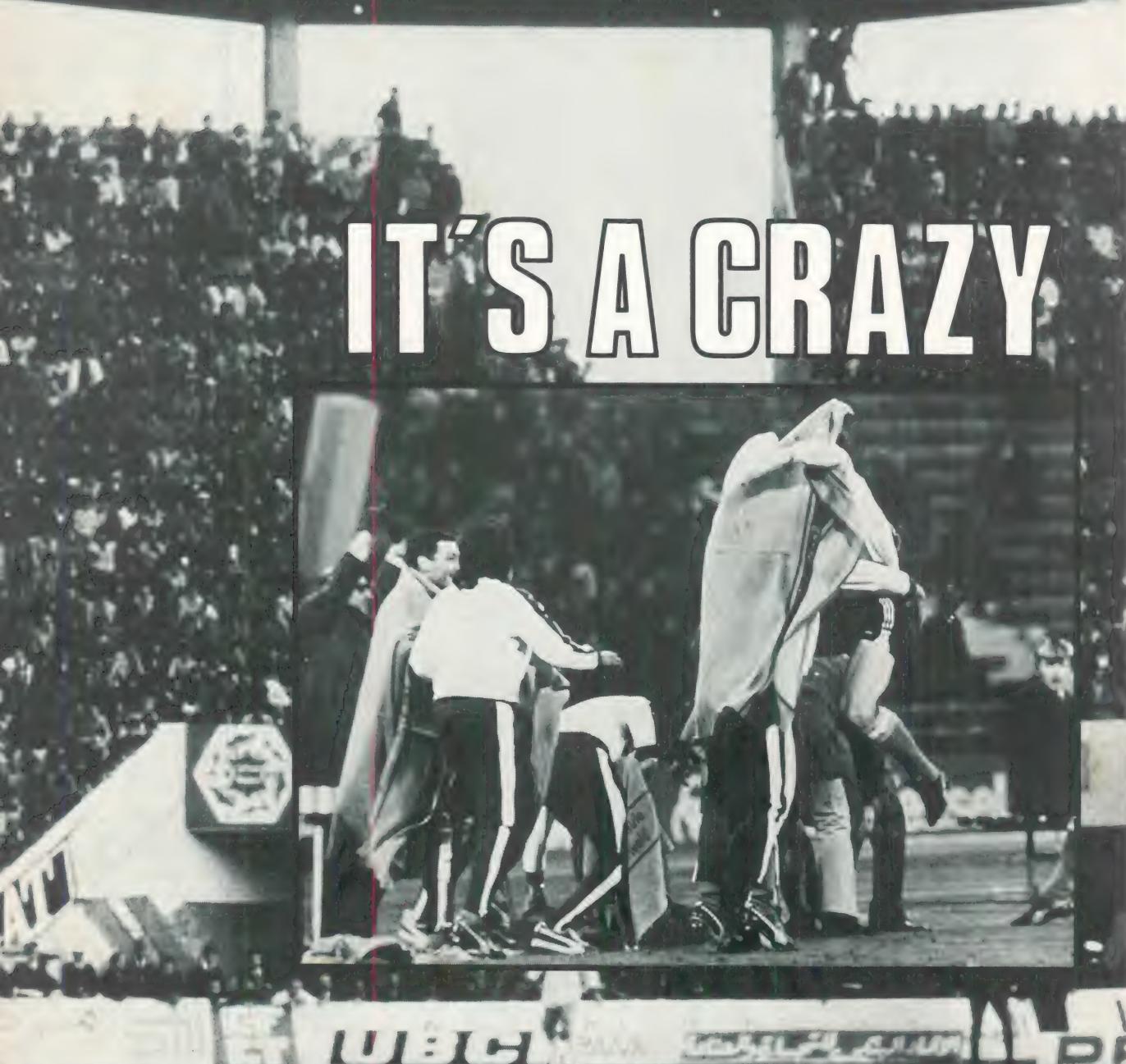
غينيا 15

تيم 42

بن عين 55

العبيد 75

IT'S A CRAZY



UBL

LIFE...



OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP... This score-line in Arabic tells you that Tunisia are beating Egypt 4-1 in a World Cup tie.

LEFT... Goal celebrations Argentina-style! **TOP OF PAGE...** Andre Rey, the France goalkeeper, has let success go to his head—wherever it is!

ABOVE... Hands up—West German star Romy Wurm reaches for the sky after scoring for MSV Duisburg.

MR. DEPENDABLE...

That's the tag Joe Wark, the Motherwell captain and left-back, has earned with his displays for his club over the years.

Wark is the sort of player who never seems to have an off-day. He patrols in defence yet still finds the time to come launching into the attack. "Football is all about consistency", says the likeable defender. "I would prefer to think I am consistent and I always try to give 100 per cent

effort and dedication.

"Motherwell are an ambitious team with a go-ahead Board. We want success for ourselves and our fans, who have stood by us through thick and thin. We appreciate their encouragement. But obviously we would like larger gates at Fir Park.

"The only way to do that is to be successful. If we can give the fans what they want then I am certain they will rally round. It's not very enjoyable to

see supporters' buses driving OUT of Motherwell on Saturdays.

"These buses go to either Parkhead or Ibrox. Naturally we would prefer those fans to stay in Motherwell and support their home town club. They won't just come along because we are the nearest club. They want success and action. That's what we are trying to give them."

Wark has been a mainstay in a Motherwell side which has changed drastically since he first came into it over 10 years ago. Former manager Willie McLean was adventurous in the transfer market buying players such as Peter Marinello, from Portsmouth, Ally Hunter, from Celtic, Willie McVie, from Clyde, and Colin McAdam, from Dumbarton. Those deals cost the club over £100,000, but they still didn't attract the fans to Fir Park.

Courageous

"We reached two Scottish Cup Semi-Finals", recalls Wark, but we lost both of them. The first was to Airdrie, whom, with all due respect, we were expected to beat.

"A goal from Willie Pettigrew gave us the lead in the first game at Hampden, but they equalised with an own goal and that took the game to a replay. Again we were expected to win. That game went to extra-time and it was there that we lost it.

"Our goalkeeper, Stewart Rennie, was penalised for taking too many steps with the ball, the referee awarded Airdrie a free-kick and John Lapsley eventually scored to put them into the Final where they were beaten 3-1 by Celtic.

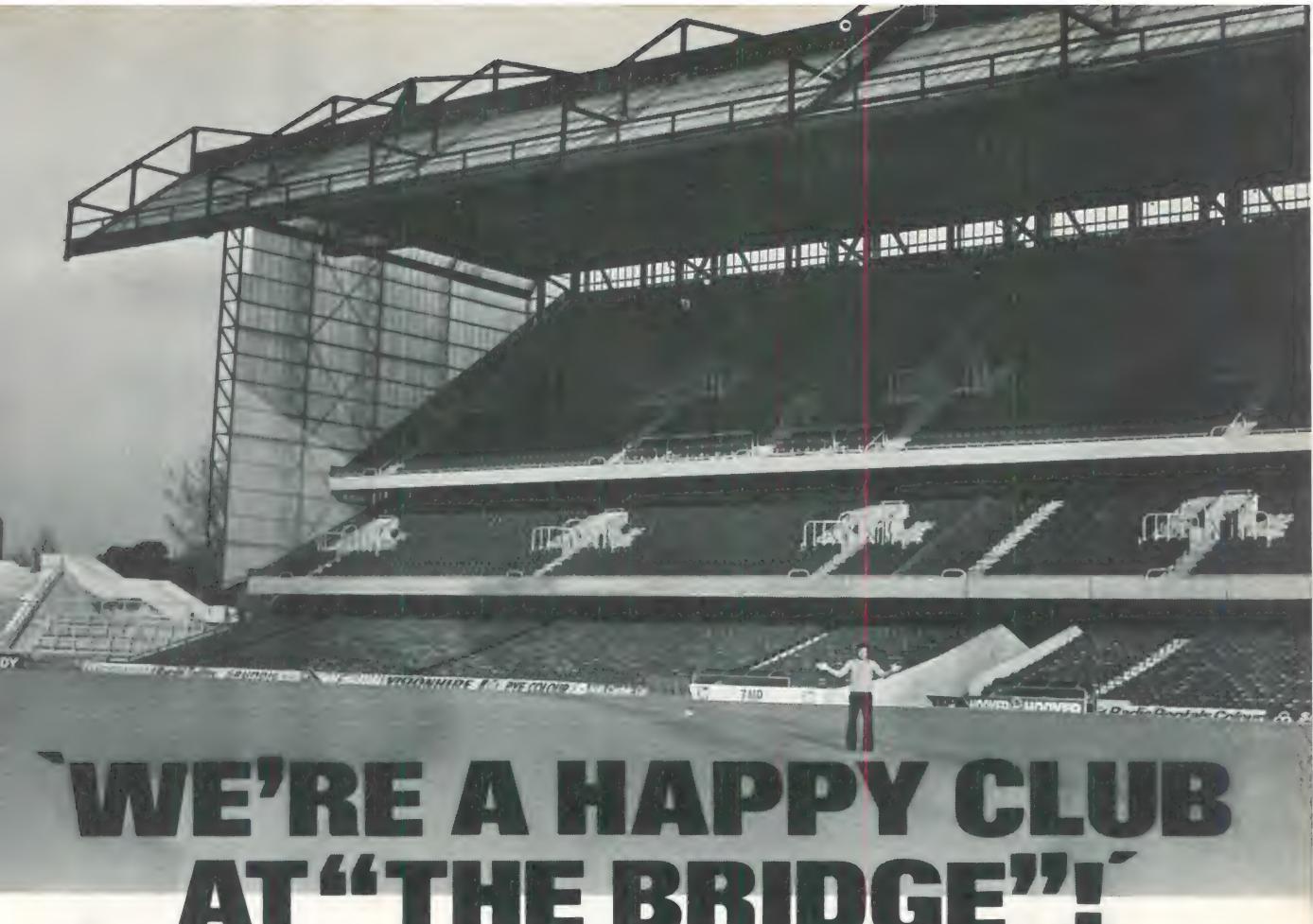
"A year later we were back at Hampden in another Semi-Final. We weren't favourites on that occasion, but we must have been at half-time. We were leading Rangers 2-0 with goals from Stewart McLaren and Pettigrew, but things went wrong in the second-half.

"Rangers got a controversial penalty about 20 minutes from time and Alex Miller scored. Derek Johnstone scored two, one coming in the last minute, and that was us out again.

"We were so close, but you get no prizes for being among the also rans. There is no point in moaning about it. We must now look to the future and make sure that there are no more slip-ups."

With a man as determined as the rugged Joe Wark leading them Motherwell must surely pick up a prize in the near future. If they don't it will not be for the lack of trying from their courageous captain.





WE'RE A HAPPY CLUB AT "THE BRIDGE"!

I can't remember exactly the first time I went to Stamford Bridge, but it would have been when I was about 10 or 11.

I'd been taken to see a few games, although deep down I was more of a Manchester United follower than a Chelsea supporter. Still, The Blues always had an entertaining side and were good value for money.

It was while I was 11 that I first began to train at the Bridge. This was a big thrill for me and all the other schoolboys as we used to use the same changing rooms as household names such as Peter Bonetti, Charlie Cooke and John Hollins.

The big stars had their names above their pegs and some of the boys made a point of claiming a certain player as their own!

Then of course, the old East Stand was still there. I liked it—it may have been a bit out of date, but it had an atmosphere all of its own.

In those days, around the mid-Sixties, Chelsea's image was one of being "the club next to the trendy Kings Road".

I suppose newspapers like to put a tag to success and as Stamford Bridge was only an Ian Hutchinson throw away from Kings Road, the image was built.

It wasn't really justified and I like to think people see us in a somewhat different light now.

**RAY
WILKINS**
writes for you

ABOVE . . . "In front of the East Stand."

RIGHT . . . "Milly makes sure we're a clean team!"

BELLOW . . . "In the boot room."





"The sauna, which I visit once a week."

None of the lads actually lives in Chelsea or Fulham, as far as I know, and while I often eat at my favourite restaurant in the Kings Road—so do lots of other people!

A truer image of Chelsea is one of a very happy club. Rarely do you hear of scandal at the Bridge for the simple reason there isn't any.

Perhaps with all the financial difficulties in recent years few people would have been surprised if the sports pages had been full of transfer requests and what have you. Yet such is the spirit of Chelsea that you'd be hard-pushed to think of anyone who's wanted to leave the Bridge.

The debts, which received more than their share of publicity, caused through the building of the new stand, brought everyone at the club closer together rather than created a bad atmosphere.

It's hard to say exactly why Chelsea are a happy club. We have good leadership from the top, where Chairman Brian Mears does a first class job.

Manager Ken Sheilto grew up with most of the players, so when he took over in the summer of '77 the players didn't have to worry what sort of a person the new boss was. Most of us had been with Ken in the youth team.

I think the fact that so many of us came up through the ranks together helps, too.

Much has been said about the new East Stand, but whatever the drawbacks it's a superb place from which to watch football.

We train at the Bridge only once a week, on Friday mornings . . . nothing strenuous, just a few exercises and a five-a-side game behind one of the goals.

The changing-rooms are now all plastered, as opposed to the tiles in the old East Stand. After training, our first priority is, of course, a nice cup of tea.

As the picture shows!

I try to make sure I have a sauna bath once a week, perhaps on Monday. I stay in for around 20 minutes and come out feeling incredibly clean.

The boot room was once a "kicking-in" room we used to warm up in before matches. The apprentices have the unenviable job of keeping the boots clean.

I used to have to do this and hated it. I don't know any footballer who can honestly say he enjoys scraping mud off someone else's boots, but it's a job that apprentices have traditionally done and I suppose it's all part of working your way up to the top.

I have four pairs of boots—two for playing and two for training, with moulded and screw-in studs. I choose which pair according to the conditions.

One lady, Milly, is responsible for Chelsea being a clean team. She's in charge of our laundry, making sure our kit and training gear is always spotless.

Milly has been with Chelsea for years and such people are invaluable,

just like George, the groundsman.

Generally speaking our surface is pretty good. It's improved a lot and I remember an F. A. Cup replay against Southampton two or three years ago at the Bridge that was played in a quagmire.

Our pitch is one of the better ones in the First Division and George has done a good job in improving the playing surface.

One place I like to keep away from is the rehabilitation room. It contains all the modern machines that enable sportsmen to get fit again as soon as possible.

There are weights for players who like to use them in their training schedule. Gary Locke uses them regularly since dislocating a shoulder, but I steer clear of them. I've never felt the need for weight training.

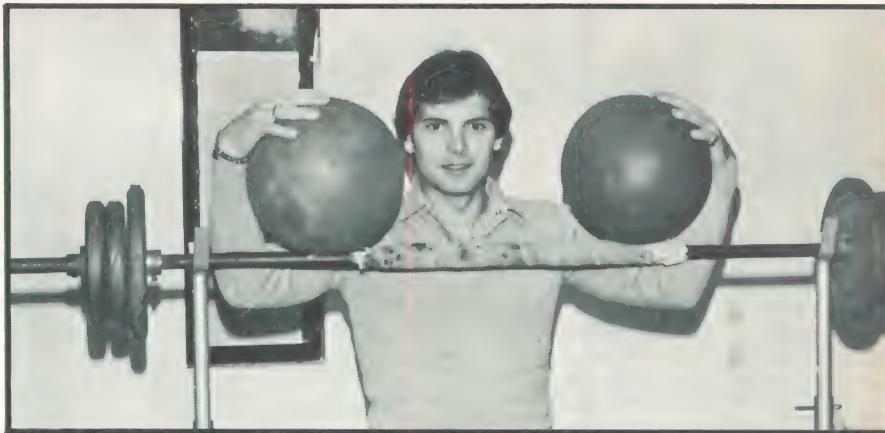
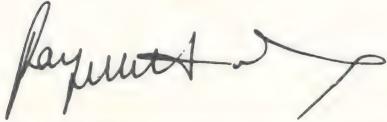
Also in the new East Stand is the players' room, where we meet for a drink after matches.

The restaurant, as good as you'll find anywhere, is often used for private parties. We used to meet there at mid-day for a meal before home matches, but we no longer do this and make our own way to the Bridge after breakfast/lunch at home.

In the West Stand are private boxes, which seat six to eight people. These, I guess, are rented mostly by businesses who use them to entertain clients on match day.

I used to like the North Stand which was pulled down a few years ago. It may have been windy, but situated by a corner flag it gave a great view of the game and you could see moves building up clearer than from the side.

I don't know what plans there may be for Stamford Bridge in the future, but if you join me in SHOOT you'll be able to keep in touch.

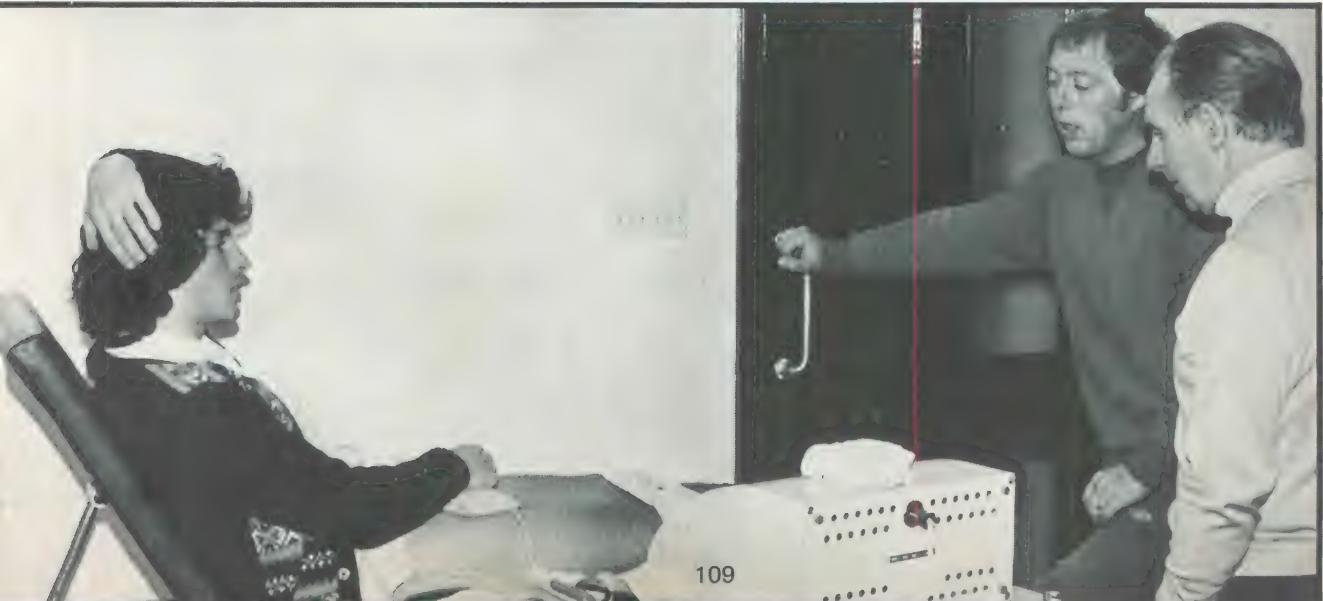


ABOVE... "I try to avoid the rehabilitation room."

BELOW... "Ray Lewington is 'mum' for our after-training cuppa."



BELOW... "Garry Stanley on the treatment table."



A-Z OF WORLD

A

... is for AJAX, the last truly great European club side. They won the European Cup three times in succession between 1971 and 1973 playing a sparkling new type of football. Bayern Munich equalled their Euro feat, but with a more disciplined brand of soccer. From that Ajax team came star names such as Cruyff, Neeskens, Rep, Krol, Suurbier—world-class players who went on to prove themselves at the highest level over a period of time. The Dutch club is still dominant in Holland, but will we ever see another Ajax like the one of around six years ago?

B

... is for BRAZIL, Kings of World Cup football. The magical Brazilians have won the World Cup more than any other country and their 1970 side is arguably the most complete team ever seen. Brazil have probably produced more gifted individuals than any other country and the famous Brazilian style has been a joy to watch over the years.

C

... is for CRUYFF, one of the most talented footballers ever seen. It was Johan who steered Ajax to the top before going to Barcelona to find even more fame and fortune. Johan Cruyff became the ultimate professional in the eyes of many critics. His skill was never in doubt, but he also had leadership, a shrewd tactical brain—and the sort of business acumen rarely associated with sportsmen.

D

... is for DEFEAT, the most dreaded word in football. Defeat can mean the sack for a manager, especially at international level where the World Cup has become the most important factor in the game. Few managers survive a World Cup knockout which is often caused by just one defeat. The difference between winning and losing—or having a job and being out of work—can sometimes be very thin.

E

... is for ENTERTAINMENT, which is the name of the game. Or it should be. Is soccer as entertaining as it used to be? Have we been sunk by tactics and the fear of defeat? Perhaps, but thankfully there are still enough skilful players and go-ahead coaches to provide us with the



ABOVE... Rivelino, the fabulous Brazilian, who is a free-kick specialist.
BELOW... Johan Cruyff—great player, great leader.



sort of thrills and surprises that makes soccer the greatest game on earth.

F

... is for FREE-KICK, which many players have down to a fine art now. The South Americans, in particular, have mastered free-kicks and it is not too much of an exaggeration to say that to someone like Brazil, conceding a free-kick can be as dangerous as giving away a penalty! Players such as Rivelino can bend the ball around even the best-formed "walls" and the poor goalkeeper has to work overtime to keep his goal intact.

G

... is for GERMANY, the most consistent soccer country in Europe over the past 25 years. They won the World Cup in 1954 but now that East and West are divided in sport, too, the West Germans have gone on to dominate the European scene. At club and international level, West Germany have set the pace, especially during the Seventies. Strange that their neighbours, so good at most other sports, have yet to make an impact at soccer.

H

... is for HUNGARY, the first Continental team to beat England at Wembley, in 1954. They didn't just beat England either. They demolished them 6-3 with a style of football few people in Britain had even dreamed of. Players such as Puskas and Hidegkuti set new standards in ball-control, shooting and team-work.

I

... is for INJURY, which every player in the world has nightmares about. Thankfully these days medical care is so advanced that operations such as that for a cartilage is nowhere as serious as it was, say, 20 years ago. Even a broken leg is often not as serious as it used to be while the modern facilities available to clubs ensure a speedy recovery for "crocks".

J

... is for JOURNALISTS, the men who bring soccer fans the news. You may not agree with their views, but reporters provide the stimulus for discussion. And, let's face it, what is better than a good friendly argument about football! Overall, journalists do a good job in bringing soccer closer to the most important people in the game: you, the fans.

SOCCE



ABOVE . . . Puskas and his all-conquering Hungarian team of the Fifties.
BELOW . . . Gerd Muller, the deadliest striker in the world.

K

. . . is for KNOCKOUT. Cup competitions are the lifeblood of football, providing shocks and dramas all the time. All neutral fans love to see a David beating a Goliath—although for the top sides such a defeat can be very hard to forget.

L

. . . is for LUCK, which every team needs. The bounce of the ball, a hairline decision going your way—these things can be the difference between winning and losing. Think of every Champion or Cup-winner and chances are you can pinpoint an instance where Lady Luck shone on them.

M

. . . is for MULLER. Gerd, of course, the most deadly striker seen in world football in recent times. He scored 67 times in 62 games for West Germany and had he not retired from international soccer after the 1974 World Cup Final, Der Bomber would almost certainly be nearing the 100-mark—both goals and caps, that is. For Bayern Munich he has set records that will probably never be broken. Pele may be the greatest, but when it comes to tucking away half-chances, Gerd Muller beats the lot.

N

. . . is for NORTH KOREA, whose exploits during the 1966 World Cup Finals held in England won them fans all over the world. Well, almost all over. Not in Italy—for it was the Koreans who knocked the mighty Italians out of the competition. Seems unbelievable now, doesn't it? Some people would like to see these soccer minnows out of the World Cup Finals, but they seem to conjure up the sort of magic that makes the competition unique.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



O

... is for ORGANISATION. The ruling body of the soccer world is F.I.F.A., whose headquarters are in Switzerland. All football comes under the jurisdiction of F.I.F.A.

P

... is for PELE. No article about world soccer would be complete without The King of Football. Sadly, the magical Brazilian has retired, but for 21 years he thrilled supporters with the sort of skills we shall probably never see again.

Q

... is for QUALIFICATION. Often the most important aspect of the game. Failure to advance can have far-reaching repercussions, while progress means a boost for that country's football. Certain critics feel too much importance is placed on qualifying for the World Cup Finals, but there is no doubt being amongst the world's elite gives an all-round lift. Ask Scotland.

R

... is for REFEREES—or possibly even the red card, although the two are seen together at times! Thankfully, the standard of refereeing has improved dramatically at World Cup level, but there are still some below-par officials in charge of top European games. Refs are only human and have a tough job, but some must occasionally leave other referees open-mouthed at their strange decisions.

S

... is for SKILLS. It's amazing that the Europeans want to inject South American-type skills into their game, while the South Americans would like to see some traditional European qualities in THEIR soccer.

T

... is for TACTICS, which may sound boring to the average fan, but every team needs a plan. Even the great teams,

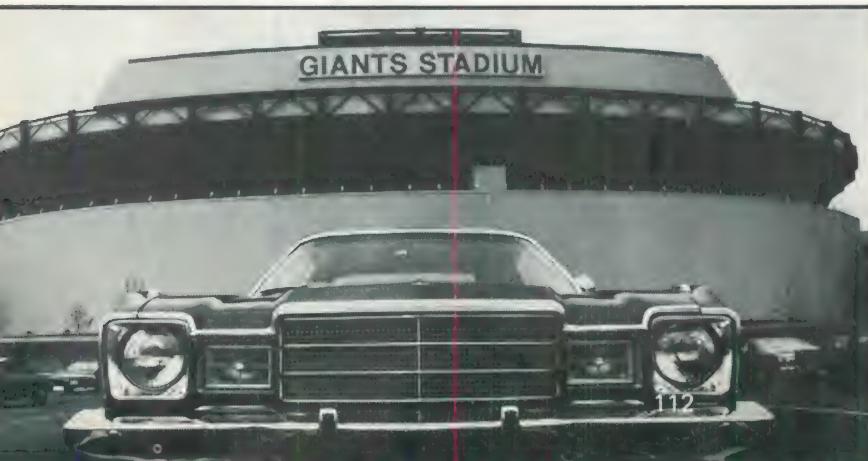


ABOVE ... Will we ever see another Pele?

BELOW ... Clive Thomas, one of the world's top refs.



BELOW ... Giants Stadium, New Jersey, home of the Cosmos.



who appear to play soccer off the cuff, work to a system. Figures such as 4-2-4 or 4-3-3 may sound like scores gone wrong, but to managers and coaches they can add up to success—or failure.

U

... is for UNDERSTANDING. Soccer is played differently around the world and players and referees must get together to overcome traditional problems, such as the differences between the European and South American styles.

V

... is for VICTORY. The ultimate aim for any side.

W

... is for WORLD WIDE, the page in SHOOT that keeps you up-to-date with all that's happening in the world of football.

X

... is for XMAS, when soccer takes a break everywhere except in Britain. Many of our players still have to train on Christmas morning, while others must travel in the evening for an away game on Boxing Day. In just about every other country Xmas is a time of family enjoyment, but here the show must go on!

Y

... is for the YANKS, who may be relatively new to soccer but have made giant strides in recent years. The game has really taken off in the United States and once their own players make the breakthrough, who's to say the U.S.A. won't be as successful at soccer as in other sports?

Z

... is for ZERO-ZERO—the most unwanted scoreline in football! Although, of course, some goal-less draws can be more entertaining than even the attractive-sounding 3-2!

TOMMY BOOTH

the player every side must have

Think of Manchester City and you conjure up stars like Mike Channon, Asa Hartford, Peter Barnes... and other household names who will thrill the fans.

Yet City's success has been a team effort and nobody has put more towards City's cause than Tommy Booth, one of soccer's unsung heroes.

He may not grab the headlines or score spectacular goals, yet he is as important as any star striker because in every great team there must be "worker ants". Players whose unselfish contribution may be overlooked by the public, but certainly not by their team-mates.

Booth has had his ups-and-downs at Maine Road. Yet his determination to fight back and win is an example to all in the game.

It raised a few eyebrows in 1976/77 when Booth kept captain Mike Doyle on the sidelines. Yet, as manager Tony Book explained: "Tommy was playing so well I couldn't drop him."

Yet it was remarkable that Booth was playing at all! Booth recalls: "During a training session in 1973 I was lifting some weights when I felt something go in my back.

"It didn't trouble me immediately and after a rest all seemed well.

"The next season, when we were doing pre-season training I was having real problems.

"Hospital tests showed that an operation was necessary. Had they waited any longer, there could have been permanent damage."

Two small discs were removed from Tommy's spine and in the early part of 1975, just four months after the op, Booth was in action once again.

He'd fought back, showing the sort of determination a top player must have. But there was another setback for Booth.

During the summer of '75 City bought Dave Watson from Sunderland—and you don't spend big fees on players if they're not going to play in the first-team!

Booth was dropped as Watson and Doyle formed the centre-back partnership.

Tommy admits he was very upset, yet once more he gritted his teeth and got on with his job.

Injuries gave him the chance to return—as a forward. And in 17 games

scored six goals, a fine average for a centre-half!

Booth was delighted to find he could adapt to other positions. Although centre-back was his favourite role, he now had more strings to his bow... more openings for first-team places.

It was an injury to Doyle at West Ham in March, 1977, that enabled Tommy to move back to his favoured role in defence and even when Doyle was fit again Booth stayed.

Booth knows that nothing can ever be taken for granted in football. That one minute all can be rosy—and the next you're out.

It's also a fact that every team needs a Tommy Booth to achieve success and City are lucky to have the original!





ALAN ROUGH
(Scotland)

TONY CURRIE (Leeds United)



Transfer Funnies



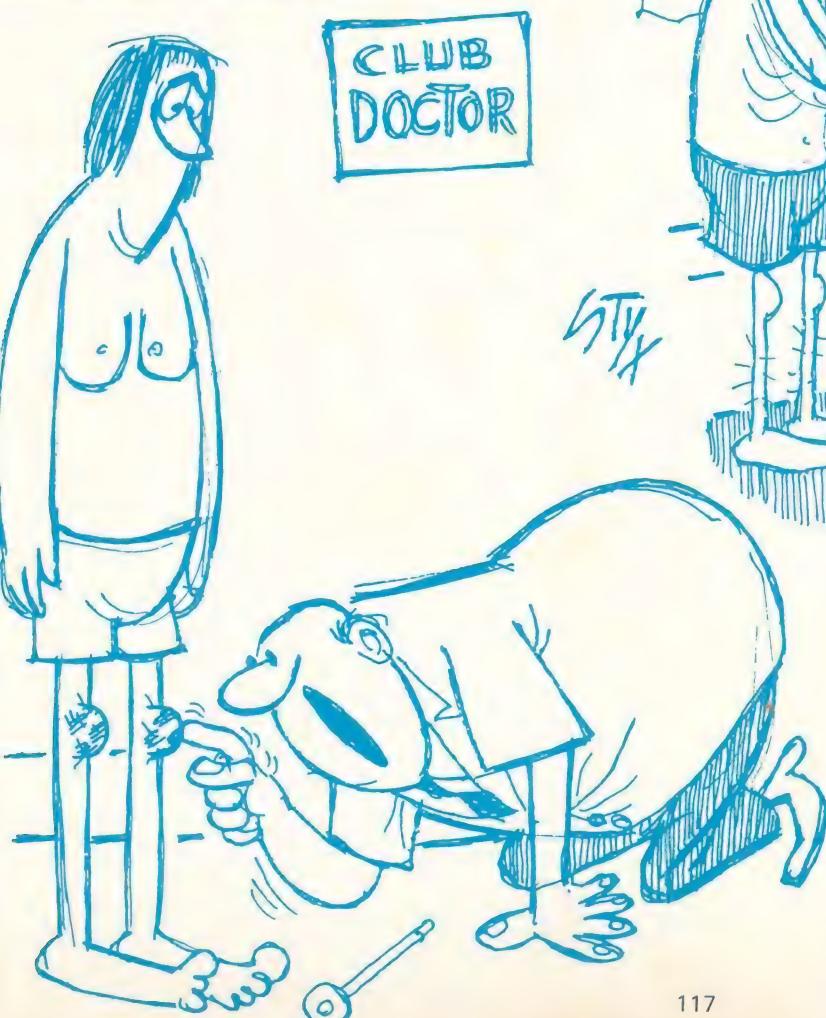
"Be fair — six men injured, plus three down with flu, isn't exactly the time to ask the boss for a transfer."



"Then I signed on with my new club without troubling to read the small print"



"I don't think they like me, coach. After one week as the new manager, I get eleven requests for transfers"



"There's a rumour, young Joe, that the new boss is going to have a clear-out of our older players"



"They're badly-bruised again. This crawling about on your knees begging the manager to give you a transfer has got to stop"

LEN CANTELLO
(West Brom)





NICK CHATTERTON (Crystal Palace)

1. Nottingham Forest, newly promoted the previous season, took the First Division by storm last term. On January 2nd, they led the rest of the pack by three, four or five points?

2. Can you name the other two clubs promoted with Nottingham Forest at the end of the 1976-77 campaign?

3. Which clubs were the following players playing for when they were sent off in matches last season? (a) George Graham (below), (b) Bruce Rioch, (c) Terry Cooper and (d) Andy McCulloch.



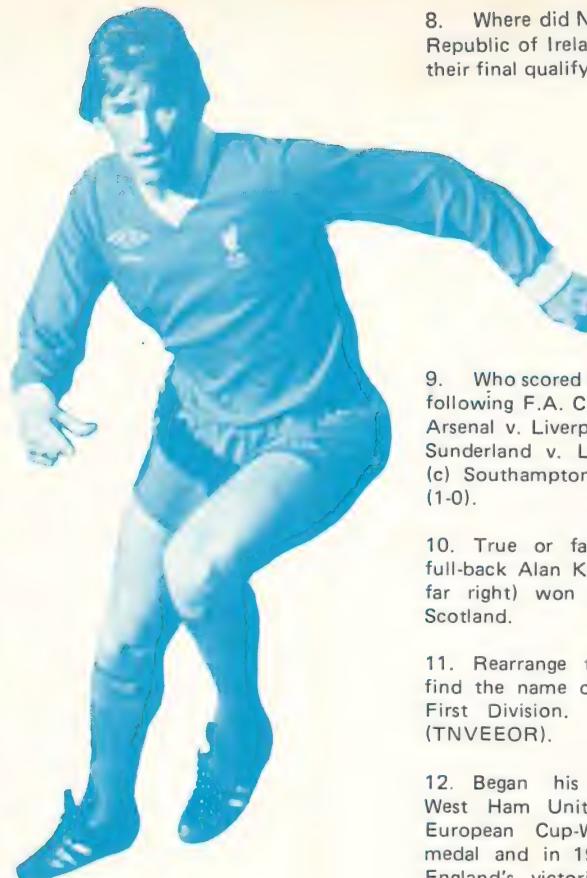
TAKE A BREAK—IT'S QUIZ TIME

4. On October 22nd, 1977, Spurs entertained Bristol Rovers in a Second Division game. (a) Did the White Hart Lane club win 7-0, 8-0 or 9-0 and (b) can you name the young Spurs striker, making his debut for them, who hit four goals?

5. Following Kevin Keegan's departure to Hamburger SV, Liverpool paid out £400,000, £440,000 or £480,000 for the services of Celtic's Kenny Dalglish (above, right) in June, July or August 1977?

6. Scotland, for the second consecutive time, became the only Home country to qualify for the World Cup Finals. Can you name the other two countries in their qualifying group?

7. Despite beating Italy at Wembley, England still failed to qualify for the Finals. (a) Who scored England's goals in their 2-0 win and (b) by how many goals did the Italians beat Luxembourg in the final qualifying game to go through to Argentina?



8. Where did Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland respectively finish in their final qualifying tables?

9. Who scored the winning goals in the following F.A. Cup Finals? (a) 1970-71: Arsenal v. Liverpool (2-1), (b) 1972-73: Sunderland v. Leeds United (1-0) and (c) Southampton v. Manchester United (1-0).

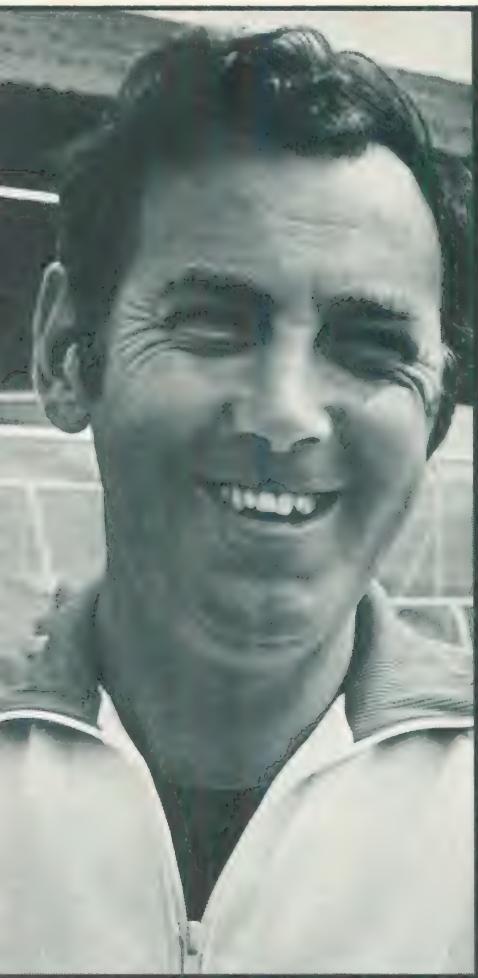
10. True or false? Newcastle United full-back Alan Kennedy (opposite page, far right) won Under-23 honours for Scotland.

11. Rearrange the jumbled letters to find the name of a top striker in the First Division. . .OBB AFDCLOROHT (TNVEEOR).

12. Began his League career with West Ham United, where he won a European Cup-Winners' Cup winners medal and in 1966 was a member of England's victorious World Cup Final side. Became the first £200,000 star when he moved to Spurs in a deal that took Jimmy Greaves to Upton Park. In March, 1975, he was transferred to East Anglia where he had a tremendous 1977-78 season. Can you identify him?

13. Study the action photograph (below) very carefully and see if you can answer the questions relating to the





West Ham v. Manchester City League clash at Upton Park last season. (a) Who is the City goalkeeper pulling off a tremendous save, (b) what was the final score and (c) was it the clubs' second



third or fourth League game of the season?

14. The players below were transferred last term for £150,000 and over. Their previous clubs are in brackets. . . can you name their new ones? (a) Teddy Maybank (Fulham), (b) Dave Thomas (Q.P.R.), (c) Paul Bradshaw (Blackburn) and (d) Alan Sunderland (Wolves).

15. During 1977-78 the following managers were either sacked or resigned. Which clubs did they leave? (a) Gordon Jago (left), (b) Richard Dinnis, (c) Colin Murphy and (d) Willie Bell.

16. Which Scottish grounds would you be visiting if you stood on the following terraces? (a) Kilbowie Park, (b) Recreation Ground, (c) Station Park and (d) Ochilview Park.

17. The players below made their international debuts during 1977-78. The countries they appeared against are in brackets. . . which Home countries do they play for? (a) Donata Nardiello (v. Czechoslovakia), (b) Peter Barnes (v. Italy), (c) David Stewart (v. East Germany) and (d) Dave Stewart (v. Belgium).

18. At the end of the 1975-76 season, Ronnie Moore (Tranmere Rovers), Dixie McNeil (Hereford United), Ted MacDougall (Norwich City) and Derek Hales (Charlton Athletic) headed their respective Divisions' goalscoring charts. Which finished top of the First, Second, Third and Fourth?

19. Ron Greenwood was officially appointed manager of England towards the end of 1977. Can you name the nine men he chose to help with the full, Under-21, B and Youth sides?

20. On December 27th, 1977, Birmingham's Trevor Francis helped his side to a 3-0 win over Bristol City at St. Andrews. What personal milestone did he reach that day?



ANSWERS

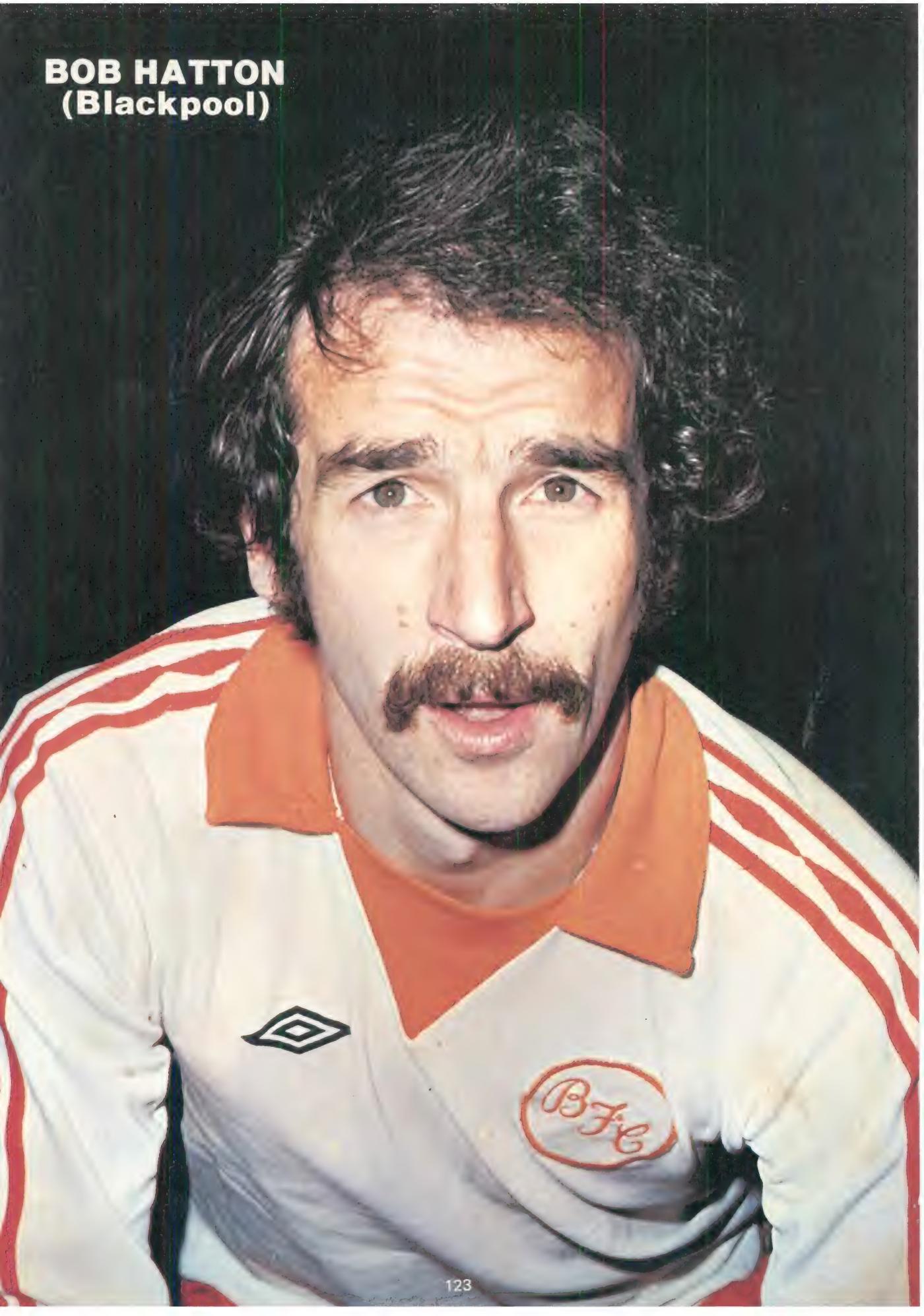
1. Five. 2. Wolves and Chelsea. 3. (a) Crystal Palace, (b) Derby County, (c) Middlesbrough, (d) Brentford. 4. (a) 9-0, (b) Conn Lee. 5. £440,000 in August, 1977. 6. Wales and Czechoslovakia. 7. (a) Kevin Keegan and Trevor Brooking, (b) 3-0. 8. Northern Ireland and the Republic both finished third. 9. (a) Charlie George, (b) Ian Porterfield, (c) Bobby Stokes. 10. False—Kennedy is an England Under-23. 11. Bob Latchford (Everton). 12. Norwich City's Martin Peters. 13. (a) Joe Corrigan, (b) 1-0 to City, (c) third. 14. (a) Brighton,

- (b) Everton, (c) Wolves, (d) Arsenal. 15. (a) Middlesbrough, (b) Newcastle United, (c) Derby County, (d) Birmingham City. 16. (a) Clydebank, (b) Alloa, (c) Forfar, (d) Stenhousemuir. 17. (a) Wales, (b) England, (c) Scotland, (d) Northern Ireland. 18. FIRST: Ted MacDougall. SECOND: Derek Hales. THIRD: Dixie McNeil. FOURTH: Ronnie Moore. 19. Bill Taylor and Geoff Hurst with the full; Dave Sexton and Terry Venables with the Under-21s; Bobby Robson and Don Howe—the B team; and Brian Clough, Peter Taylor and Ken Burton the Youths. 20. Francis scored his 100th League goal.

Before Trevor Brooking's testimonial game at Upton Park, there was a competition to find London's hottest hotshot. The winner was Spurs winger Peter Taylor, shown receiving the trophy from the West Ham midfielder.



BOB HATTON
(Blackpool)



Driving North on the Pacific Coast Highway a lofty white cross emerges as you curl 'round a cliff, marking the entrance to Pepperdine University. Continuing up the winding campus road, you're surrounded by wilderness. Yet seconds later, the road leads to one of the most elegant settings for soccer in the world.

Pepperdine is built on a hill, overlooking the magnificence of Malibu Beach — one of the most scenic in all California. It is new and the amenities are magic; the dormitories are like modern villages — spacious and full of facilities. There is a huge field house which can be used for indoor soccer on rainy days, an Olympic swimming pool, a cafeteria that could rival many a costly ski lodge and most importantly, there are four fields full of youngsters hungry to be taught how to play soccer properly.

The fields are full of kids from around eight to 17, nearly 200 per week, for each of the eight one-week sessions. They pay \$145 (£85), for the week at Golden West Soccer Camp, which includes room, linen, three meals-a-day Sunday to Friday, top coaching from the U.S. and England, T-Shirts and camp photo, individual instruction, films, and medical insurance.

High school and college players supervise the dormitories, where campers sleep two to a room, according to age. It's incredible, yet common in a country where basketball, baseball and American football camps, often owned or fronted by former pro players or coaches, have been thriving for years.

Most of the boys and girls are freshly-scrubbed middle-class Californians. Soccer is a suburban game in America now, and they are the hope for the future.

Supervised

It's vacation time in Southern California and these kids come to camp to learn soccer. The atmosphere is generally light, but coaches are only too happy to work "one on one" with the more eager pupils. A good portion of the instruction takes place in groups between 10 and 20 youngsters, supervised by a trained coach and an assistant.

While working on defensive drills, with two forwards pushing on against one defender and a goalkeeper, a husky 14-year old girl reveals an arsenal of sliding tackles, pursuing the attackers male and female, relentlessly.

Then there's the talented college

freshman, bare-chested and suntanned, demanding more balls to be chipped over to him so he can flick them ahead with his heel, flashing downfield with an assortment of "Bestie moves" he's picked up from watching George Best and the Aztecs at the Coliseum in Los Angeles.

Another tall young lady implores one of the coaches to teach her how to hit a ball straight on, kicking through it with the laces. The coach works with her for a few minutes and it looks hopeless. He patiently puts the ball down, starts over from square one and within a few more minutes, she's bashing the ball up against the fence with the intensity of a determined centre-forward. And after a few more solid shots, the coach breaks the lesson for lunch, as he gets a hug from his grateful pupil.

Another of California's advantages are its beaches. Zuma Beach, about 10 miles down the highway, provides the campers with a fun way — a safe way — to learn "diving headers" and "reverse kicks." These moves are vastly different from those in traditional American sports, which need the use of hands. So the soft sand provides a cushion, relieving the fear of coming down hard on one's head on Pepperdine's plush grass pitches.

Summer soccer camp DOWN CALIFORNIA-WAY



Boys and girls alike share in shooting practice.



The golden sand of Malibu Beach gives a soft landing to an overhead kick.

However, there was one kid who would have dived on to concrete if you told him to, and for his great attitude and performance, nine-year old Stevie MacKenzie of Simi, California, deserves a mention. After demonstrating great skill in the individual drills, when the group split up to play "Sand Soccer", Stevie cut artfully through swarms of defenders to score goals with either foot in the first few moments of play. And when we returned to the camp and reported our findings, the coaches weren't surprised. They expect him to develop into a top player. Yet they added that before he came to camp the previous year he could hardly kick a ball. But he worked hard and at the end of his week, Stevie had earned the "Most Improved Camper" award and the respect and admiration of the coaches.

Worshipped

Some of the better results came in a group being instructed by Brian Boswell, a 29-year old Londoner who was once with West Ham. Having failed in a try with the Aztecs, he decided he had a future coaching in the United States. Combining his Cockney wit and an uncanny knack of knowing how to get his point across, he

*LEFT...English coach Brian Boswell with a group of schoolchildren — the next generation of U.S. soccer stars, perhaps?
BELOW...Diving headers can be fun!*

taught his group how to dribble and pass, He was first firm, then relaxed. The kids worshipped him.

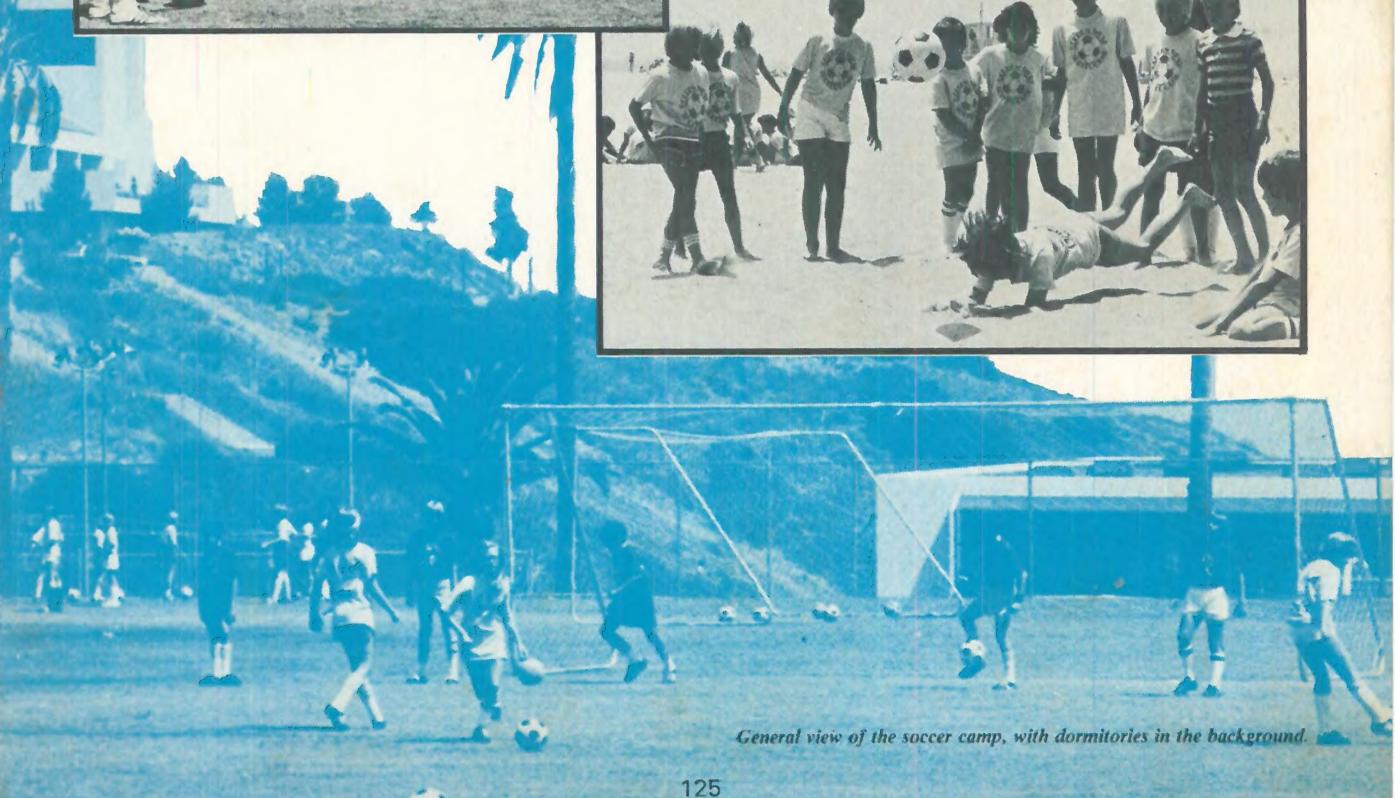
Camps like the Golden West Soccer Camp are springing up all over America and Canada. And they're prospering and growing, because Americans are becoming increasingly more eager to learn the game and excel.

Golden West also offers a session for coaches, and admittedly this is an area that must improve. More and more adult Americans are learning the game, taking an interest, as their youngsters develop. The essence of the "state of the sport," so to speak, can be captured in the portrait of a young, fair-haired child, complete with beads and flowing blonde hair and his "coach." The coach is a 26-year old Black Ethiopian, Berhane Andeberhane, a former American collegiate player at UCLA and one of the prime members of the camp's staff.

Patiently, Berhane listens to the youngster "confess" of his inability to score in his last four league matches. Berhane, arm in arm with the child, walks off the field asking him if his passing has been good and if he's been getting back in defence. "Yep, but I'm not scoring," the child still pleads.

"Is your team winning?" Berhane asks to an affirmative nod. "Be patient and keep plugging, your time will come," he adds.

And that advice holds true for the American game as a whole. The seeds have been sown. Camps and coaching and athletic dedication will soon help harvest a crop of eager young American footballers to compete with the great powers in the world. But for now, Americans must be patient and learn.



General view of the soccer camp, with dormitories in the background.

JOHN RICHARDS
(Wolves)



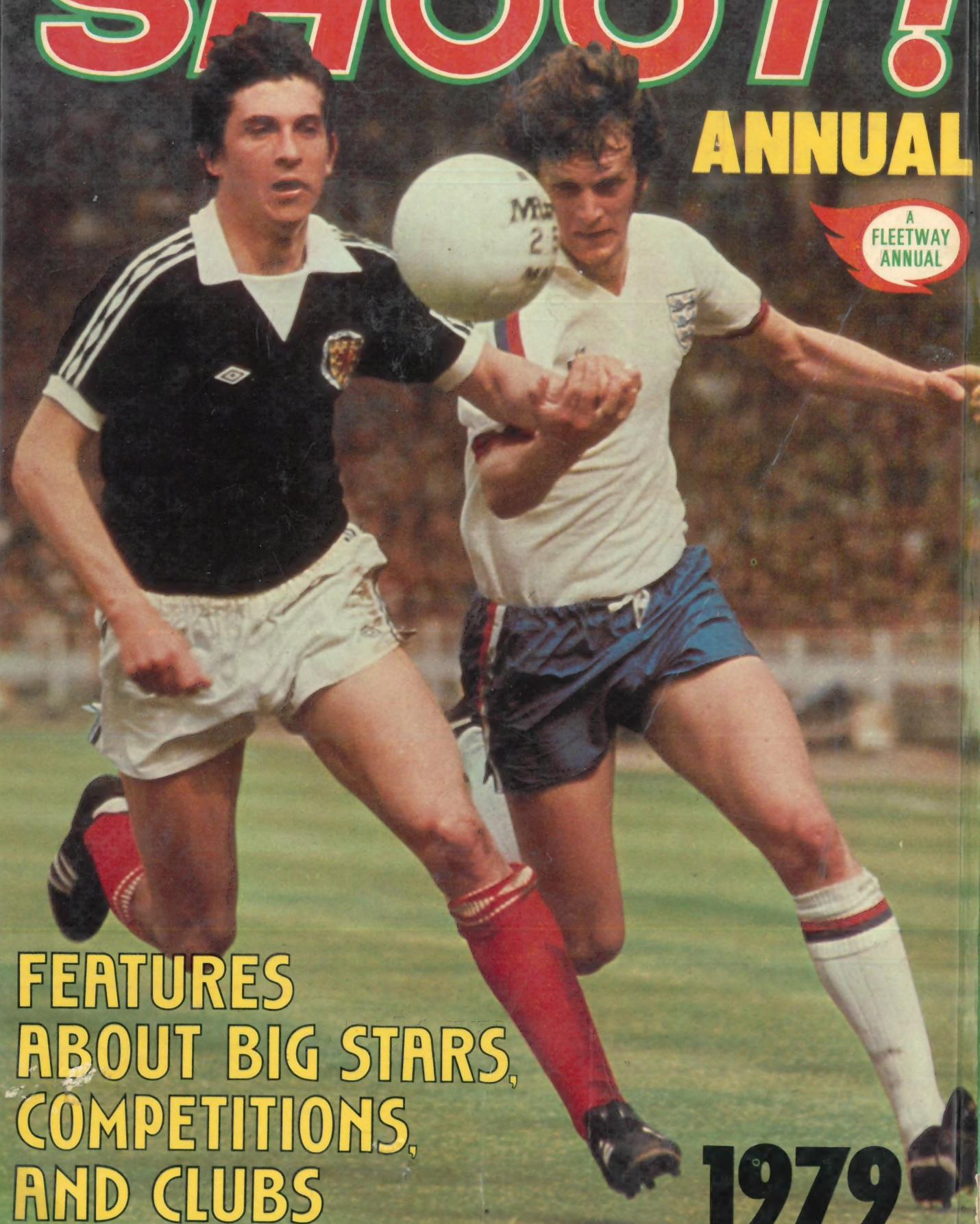
KEVIN KEEGAN (Hamburg-SV)



SHOOT!

ANNUAL

A
FLEETWAY
ANNUAL



**FEATURES
ABOUT BIG STARS,
COMPETITIONS,
AND CLUBS**

1979